THE NEW

# STATESMAN AND NATION

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# Fair Shares in Rearmament

MR. ATTLEE has a notable distaste for "political gestures"; but he must admit that the dramatic resignation of Mr. Bevan and his two colleagues has already had a beneficial effect on Anglo-American relations. Ever since his talks with Mr. Truman last November, the Prime Minister has been trying, through the normal diplomatic channels, and by means of no less than six commodity committees in Washington, to obtain for this country its fair share of raw materials. His attempts, apart from the release of several thousand tons of sulphur, have met with virtually no success. With rubber and tin excluded from their purview, the committees have done little but prepare questionnaires, whose completion will doubtless underline world shortages but which are no substitute for international agreement on allocations. Mr. Strauss has also admitted that British steel production is falling sharply; indeed, by the end of next year, it may well be running at two million tons less than last year's record level. One important factor in this decline is American speculative buying of German scrap, just as the four-day week now being introduced into the motor car industry is due to a short-fall in deliveries of American sheet steel. Almost every speech, indeed, in last Tuesday's debate on raw materials provided fresh facts to confirm Mr. Bevan's and Mr. Wilson's gloomy predictions. American rearmament and American stockpiling, undertaken in boom conditions and without any machinery of international planning, is rapidly undermining the recovery achieved through Marshall Aid; and the effects in this country will be all the more disastrous, owing to the wholesale dismantling of controls, undertaken so lightheartedly by a Labour Government during the last eighteen months.

The three resignations have at least shocked the American Administration and the British Cabinet out of their complacent assumption that what is politically desirable must be economically feasible. Mr. Richard Stokes has been hurriedly given the vague assignment of co-ordinating raw material purchasing. Though this is no solution to the problem, it may be the first step towards an effective Ministry of Production. Meanwhile the talks with Mr. Charles Wilson, the boss of American rearmament, who arrived in London this week, are said to have been realistic and encouraging. But if the Anglo-American discussions are limited to raw material allocations, the real problem will be left untouched. As Mr. Mikardo pointed out, in a speech strongly supporting Mr. Bevan, Britain at present is to pay for rearmament by slashing its standard of living and capital investment programme, while American sacrifices are to be limited to a slight delay in the delivery of a new motor car or refrigerator. Last Tuesday in the Commons there was a great deal of loose talk about "common defence" and "pooled resources"; but no speaker, on either of the Front Benches gave any indication how these fine phrases are to be given reality. Without the introduction of rationing and drastic controls in both countries, and the return of Lend Lease—which no one on either side of the Atlantic has suggested—the £4,700 million rearmament programme can only be financed by an inflation under which the British people will bear a quite disproportionate sacrifice. It is against the fatalistic acceptance of this inequality by the Cabinet that the Left wing of the Labour Party should concentrate their attack.

### Mr. Bevan and the Labour Executive

Mr. Bevan's measured words to his own supporters at Ebbw Vale, and his brief intervention in last Tuesday's debate, were a sad disappointment to the Tory leaders. The Labour Party has grown up since 1929, and it is not going to tear itself to pieces for the benefit of Mr. Churchill. Instead, what has happened up and down the country is that constituency parties have suddenly turned themselves into discussion groups eagerly debating the issues raised by the resignations. Controversy—the life blood of Socialism—has been restored, without so far impairing the party's unity of action. This healthy change has been assisted by the exchange of letters between Mr. Bevan and his three supporters on the Executive on the one side and Mr. Morgan Phillips on the other. Under the party's constitution every member of the N.E.C. accepts collective responsibility for all its decisions. The Executive's statement, therefore, issued in support of Mr. Gaitskell, placed Mr. Bevan and his colleagues in a difficult position, since it constitutionally bound them to support the Chancellor on Labour Party platforms. Even ten years ago the minority would have been compelled to resign or toe the line. To-day, wiser counsels prevailed. Mr. Bevan, Mr. Mikardo, Mr. Driberg and Mrs. Castle protested against the rubber-stamping by the Executive of a Cabinet decision, and announced their intention of remaining members while continuing their constructive criticism. Next October, the Party Conference can give its decision on the issue and

elect a new Executive. Mr. Morgan Phillips's reply to their reasoned letter indicated that, if the Left wing does not force a split, the Right wing will eschew expulsions.

### The Persian Crisis

Mr. Morrison's statement on Persia was made to a House in which both sides were well aware that partisan comment might further complicate the crisis. The Foreign Secretary was right to insist that Persia was entitled to acquire foreign properties, provided that it did not unilaterally renounce its legal contracts. He conceded, too, that it was possible to negotiate far-reaching changes in the status of Anglo-Iranian. But to say, at this stage, that such negotiations cannot be conducted under duress is to ignore the fact that the duress exists. The only strong card in the British hand is the certainty that outright expropriation—pleasing to Persian Nationalism—would cut off the Persian oilfields from the tanker fleets and established markets, and would rapidly lead to the closure of the production side. For some time, anyway, Persia would need the services Anglo-Iranian has built up, whatever their ultimate disposition might be, or the Persian State would face bankruptcy through loss of oil revenues.

The situation is complicated by two other factors. The first is the failure to secure Anglo-American agreement on Persian oil policy; the American belief is that Persia is strategically untenable and that Britain has accentuated this weakness by bungling Anglo-Persian relations. The second is that even the threat of pressure from the West, let alone the fact, would be enough to justify the entry of Soviet troops, under the 1921 Treaty, if the Kremlin wished.

### The Fight for American Policy

The struggle between the supporters of General MacArthur and the Administration now hinges upon one basic issue. As Mr. Acheson put it on Monday, the President wants an American policy which is acceptable to America's allies. That means continued support for West Europe, a refusal to become bogged down in full-scale operations in the Far East, and an overall security programme—now put at $60 billions for arms in the President's Budget—which should serve as a deterrent against aggression.

Senator Taft, speaking on the same occasion, once more proved that he has wholly accepted the MacArthur position. He attacked the Administration for its "willingness to accept a stalemate in the Far East" and alleged that it would be ready to appease both Britain and China to secure peace. Not content with arguing for "a more aggressive war"—so long as such action is confined to the Pacific area—the Senator once more rehearsed the China Lobby's fantastic claims of military strength for the Nationalist forces on Formosa and for the guerillas inside China, whose numbers seem to grow with every speech made by those who wish to carry the war to Peking. The Administration may verbally resist such pressure. But it is being driven steadily into open support for Chiang and towards the incorporation of Formosa in the American defence system. Its doubts about Chiang's army seem to be based less upon political hesitations than upon reservations about its effective strength and reliability.

### Australia Polls

Mr. Menzies has won an indecisive victory in the Australian elections. The Government Coalition has come back with a reduced majority in the Lower House; and, unless the final results in Queensland or Western Australia give it one or two additional seats, there will be a deadlock in the Senate. The Labour Party polled well, and the returns so far give it a popular vote equal to the combined total for the Liberal and Country parties. It has undoubtedly won support as a result of the inflation which started immediately after Mr. Menzies replaced Mr. Chifley, and its chief gains were in the industrial States of Victoria and New South Wales. The Government, however, maintained its position in the rural States and, as the results in the bigger cities suggest, its fevered anti-Communism was an asset in middle-class constituencies such as that held by Dr. Evatt in Sydney.

The results as a whole, however, hold out little prospect that Mr. Menzies can make much headway with his plans for the statutory suppression of Australian Communism. His majority in Parliament, even if he wins the Senate, is tenuous. The High Court has invalidated the first anti-Communist legislation; similar measures will certainly be fought hard in the courts in future; and, if the Premier seeks to secure additional constitutional powers for this purpose by referendum, it seems improbable (on these election results) that he could get an adequate majority for such a change. Another election may be necessary before long.

### Inflation and Fleet Street

So the penny paper has joined the penny bus fare and the penny box of matches in the limbo of satisfactions overtaken by the world-wide inflation of prices. Hitherto Fleet Street had contrived to maintain the pre-war prices for its "popular" products partly by raising the rates charged to advertisers per column-inch, but mainly by using lighter paper and reducing the number of pages—a reduction enforced, in any case, by the shortage of newsprint—to roughly one-quarter of what it was in 1939. The latest increase in the price of paper from £47 to £60 per ton, approximately six times the pre-war cost, was the last straw: taking into account the further additions to the cost of printing, distribution and editorial expenses, newspapers generally had no option but to pass some of the burden on to the consumer. From Monday the price of the "penny dailies," morning and evening, goes up to 1½d.; that of the *Daily Telegraph* rises to 2d.; and the *Manchester Guardian* will in future cost 3d., after a figure of 2d. maintained for thirty-one years. With no sign of any rationing of the enormous and wasteful U.S. consumption of newsprint, which absorbs the vast bulk of Canada's exportable surplus, and with Scandinavian producers consequently enjoying a "seller's market," publishers are confronted with a problem of soaring raw material costs which has little immediate prospect of easing, and which extends beyond Fleet Street to the sphere both of book publishing and, obviously, periodicals—many of which have, in fact, already raised their price.

### Coal Prospects

Thanks to Saturday overtime and an improvement, both overall and at the face, in output per manshift, the miners have reached the target of three million extra tons of coal which the Prime Minister asked for in the first four months of the year. Fuel economy and a million tons of imports from the U.S. have availed to prevent any serious dislocation of industry through fuel shortage in the winter of 1950-51. But, though the wastage of manpower in the mines has temporarily been checked, the long-term outlook gives no grounds for complacency. So far this year, allowing for a slight drop in opencast production, saleable output has risen by about 2½ million tons; but inland consumption has risen still more. Even if exports are restricted to the present negligible figure—a limitation which adds to the difficulties of the Ministry of Food—it will clearly take the coal industry all its time to cope with rising demand as the rearmament boom gets under way, and to accumulate sufficient distributed stocks to make the situation secure next winter.

### Colonial Development

What groundnuts were to the Overseas Food Corporation, Gambia chickens were to the Colonial Development Corporation—a reminder that you cannot bulldoze nature. Lord Reith and the Development Corporation, without bothering to unscramble the Gambia omelette, have properly drawn a second conclusion—that when you are declaredly working for the benefit of colonial peoples you ought to try to secure their co-operation. The annual report of the Development Corporation is refreshingly astringent. It makes no bones about past failures and offers no false hopes about the future. Lord Reith is radically overhauling the machinery and devolving much of the centralised control to the regions. But, as he said at a public meeting recently, the Development Corporation is intended only to further the advance of the territories involved and the good of their people; its principle is that "good" must make ends meet even if it does not pay a dividend.

The Corporation, with a capital of £31 millions, of which £10 millions has already been spent, has embarked on fifty schemes, spread over 22 territories and ranging from cattle ranching in Bechuanaland to a hotel on Lake Victoria. "It is desirable that the colonial people should be able to understand, approve of and co-operate in the Corporation's schemes and objectives," says the report. "Obviously the Corporation's own employees should be its best ambassadors."

It is pointed out that plans have been proved defective owing to inadequate local knowledge in their drafting, and that there has not always been managerial staff of the requisite calibre and experience. Nevertheless, detailed accounts give an impressive survey of this unusual experiment of partnership between a Government-financed corporation, the Governments of the territories concerned, and approved private enterprise.

## May Day Voices

*Our Paris correspondent writes:* A May Day demonstration in Paris nowadays is essentially Communist, and it was a particularly large one this year, the procession from the Place de la Nation to the Bastille, down the Faubourg Saint Antoine (which still looks like an old print of the French Revolution) lasting for fully five hours. All went off well until nearly the end, when a group of Algerians carrying banners demanding the independence of Algeria were—without any obvious provocation other than the banners—ferociously attacked by large bodies of police lurking in a side street. Other demonstrators joined in the fray, and for a time the police were in full retreat, until reinforcements arrived. In the pitched battle, nearly a hundred policemen were injured, and there were also numerous casualties among the demonstrators, especially the North Africans. This ugly incident is likely to have repercussions in Algeria.

The demonstration, apart from that, was a deliberately "pleasant" one: its principal slogan was "unity"—meaning a call for greater unity amongst all the trade unions and the working class generally, though there seemed little evidence of trade unions other than the Communists' C.G.T. having turned up in any strength. Typical of the atmosphere of *bonhomie* were the numerous lorries packed with children waving coloured (not necessarily red) flags, and decorated with peace slogans like: "Father, mother, we want to live; we don't want to die." Other lorries held young athletes performing on parallel bars, with slogans demanding bigger State grants for physical culture. Throughout there was a strong emphasis on the national consciousness and patriotism of the French C.P., while the Soviet Union was significantly played down. Thus, not a single picture of Stalin was to be seen, nor, for that matter, of Thorez. Numerous banners demanding peace in Korea and Viet Nam, a Five-Power pact, and the reprieve of William McGee, the Negro who is to be electrocuted next week, were in great prominence.

There were many features in this demonstration intended to appeal to everybody more or less of the Left—the protest against German rearmament, the demand for the Five-Power peace pact, the memories evoked by the group of former deportees in their striped concentration camp overalls, the various groups of Resistance men, and the groups of Spanish war veterans carrying Spanish Republican flags and chanting "*Franco-Assassin!*" A particularly blatant breach of all the rules, showing that the Communists are being treated already as outlaws, was a flight, at frequent intervals, of planes over the mass procession, dropping, amidst boos from the crowd, thousands of anti-Soviet and anti-Communist leaflets.

At the other end of Paris, in the Bois de Boulogne, de Gaulle's election speech attracted huge, well-dressed crowds. He spoke with great violence, demanding, in effect, the abolition of the Republic, the abolition of the trade unions, and the establishment, through a plebiscite, of something closely resembling a personal dictatorship. At the same time, playing on the sentiment against "Allied occupation," he demanded that French generals be placed in charge of the land, air and naval forces defending France and North Africa. It was not good enough, he said, for France merely to sit as a visitor on the edge of the chair at the Atlantic Pact discussions.

The Bevan resignation caused an immense amount of comment in France, and everybody agrees that it is a landmark. Practically every point he made was familiar to every thinking Frenchman—the certainty of a fall in the standard of living, the dislocation of European economy by American stockpiling and so on. In a less industrialised country like France, some of these problems are not as acute as in Britain, but the pattern is, nevertheless, identical, and some good minds like M. Mendès-France have, for months, been "Bevanites" *avant la lettre*.

The Communist press could scarcely refrain from hee-hawing that "it was all more than even a notorious anti-Red like Bevan could stomach"; the non-Communist Left, on the other hand, were deeply upset. What Bevan had shown was that the Labour Government was in the gravest danger of going down a slippery slope with the rest of Europe. French conservatives rejoiced, of course, for exactly the same reason. Some observers think the Bevan case may scare the Americans into yielding on raw materials—did it speed up Mr. Charles Wilson's visit?—but, among the French reactionaries, there is, naturally, a secret hope that no proper help will come until a good Tory Government, with witch-hunts and all, and a great meekness in all respects *vis-à-vis* Washington, is well in the saddle.

## PARLIAMENT: Lucky Thirteen

*Wednesday.*

It is already clear that the Government henceforth will be in the unenviable position of having to depend for its survival upon the votes of those whose speeches would more logically lead to its resignation. Yet, paradoxically, divided as it is, it does better now in the Lobbies than when it presented a united front to the world. In this achievement, it is helped by the unfailing ability of the Tories to make the worst of their opportunities.

On Tuesday, the Strategist of the Opposition was persuaded that, by fishing in troubled waters, he could land a General Election. Mr. Eden, therefore, moved a Motion expressing the anxiety of the House that the rearmament programme was based on estimates which were not accepted by the Ministers principally concerned. George Strauss replied that the motion referred to a decision to rearm taken in February, about which there was no disagreement; that Eden's speech had been exclusively devoted to disagreements between Ministers regarding the Budget, about which the Motion said nothing; and that, in any case, the real issues were about getting raw materials. Thus shot from its moorings, the Debate roved from Eden through Eccles to the Hudson, each speaker freely following his own guiding star of judgment.

The one unifying principle was remarkable: all the speakers agreed in acknowledging the supreme value of the resignations to the contemporary scene. The Tories applauded them, for the best of all possible reasons: a split in the Government gives the Opposition the chance to get in through the crack. Without uncharitableness, and with no thought of the Parliamentary Secretaryship to the Ministry of Supply, still unfilled, there were Labour backbenchers who praised the former President of the Board of Trade for enabling the better functioning of government. Supporters of the resigning Ministers, like Ian Mikardo, drew attention to the conversions to their point of view that their resignation had achieved. Within a week, said Mikardo, they had converted Herbert Morrison and led George Strauss to underline the steel shortage. Within a week, American newspapers had admitted the shortcomings of the U.S. attitude to Britain. Within a week, Truman had sent Charles Wilson to Britain to co-ordinate supplies, and Attlee had appointed Stokes to co-ordinate British requirements. Within a week, the resignations had already fetched across the Atlantic 10,000 tons of sulphur. It was a little unkind of the Tory, Hugh Fraser, to add to the argument that "if Ministers' resignations are worth 5,000 tons of sulphur each, there is a very good reason for more going."

Through all this various but universal recognition of their acts, Bevan and Wilson sat silent. Only for a moment did Nye intervene to express the hope that he was wrong, and his contempt for the Tory tactic of being, as usual, foolish after the event. The House grew increasingly restive for the vote as the Minister of Defence rose to sum up. For now, more than ever, the vote's the thing. Aided by Liberal abstensions and the critics' votes, the Government had its largest majority for some time. Lucky thirteen! It leaves the Government at least alive to fight another day.

TOM WILLIAMS

# Herbert the Peacemaker

This week, the Deputies in Paris have begun what will probably be the last attempt to reach an agreed agenda for a Foreign Ministers' Conference. It is as well to face the unpleasant fact that the chances of success are considerably more remote than they were even a month ago. The diplomatic manœuvres in Paris reflect with delicate precision the changes in power relations throughout the world; and during the last month the world has taken another lurch away from sanity and towards war. Events in the U.S., in Korea and in Persia have conspired to create a situation in which Mr. Morrison will have to be a very brave man, if he is to play the role of peacemaker.

Consider, first, the turmoil of Washington politics after the dismissal of MacArthur. This courageous act has not led, as was hoped by all Mr. Truman's well-wishers, to a strengthening and revitalisation of his Administration. On the contrary! Overwhelmed by the ballyhoo accompanying the return of the Old Soldier, Mr. Truman is making frantic efforts to counter the charge that he dismissed MacArthur in order to appease the Communists. A Military Mission has been sent post-haste to Formosa, and General MacArthur, now firmly adopted by Mr. Taft and the other Republican leaders, has the initiative all along the line in the internal political struggle. This fact is bound to influence the behaviour of Dr. Jessup in Paris and, consequently, of M. Parodi, the French representative, who now accepts without any resistance the American line.

Simultaneously, the Communists have launched their expected Spring offensive in Korea. So far it has been contained, and the United Nations forces claim to have inflicted very severe losses on the Chinese in the course of a carefully prepared retreat. Mr. Strachey expressed the hope, in a week-end speech, that "when the Chinese offensive had been beaten off and the front stabilised, it would be possible that the war there would be brought to an end either by negotiation or as the result of the fighting dying away." Mr. Strachey's reasoning

discloses a very desperate kind of optimism. He must know that, so long as the U.S. continues to hold Formosa, to rearm Chiang Kai-shek and the Japanese, and to refuse to the Chinese Government its rightful place in the United Nations, there is no chance of a negotiated peace in the Far East. Nor can we see that it would be either to Russia's or to China's interests to permit the Western Powers to reduce their appalling military commitment in Korea, if the only result of so doing would be military pressure applied somewhere else. All this, moreover, must have its influence on M. Gromyko in Paris. What is the use, he asks, of staging a Foreign Ministers' Conference if the internal situation in the United States of America rules out in advance any concessions for the sake of agreement?

The third factor militating against a Four-Power Conference is the situation in Persia. Distracted by a domestic crisis, to which, in the Prime Minister's absence, he has had to devote his main energies, Mr. Morrison has permitted the Persian Nationalists to keep the initiative they seized with the murder of General Rasmara. Instead of immediately sending a Ministerial Mission to Teheran, which could at least have relaxed the tension, he preferred to remain inactive and to confine his diplomatic activity to Washington. By giving the impression that Britain and America were "ganging up" on Persia, he merely exacerbated Persian feelings. Moreover, he failed even to obtain any firm agreement with the American Administration, which, on this subject, is deeply influenced by the rivalry of Standard Oil and Anglo-Iranian. Thus the chance of a *détente* was missed; and last week-end Dr. Moussadek, the chief advocate of outright nationalisation, became Prime Minister, for the simple reason that every other Persian politician was scared of being assassinated if he took office.

Now the Nationalisation Bill has become law. We have to face a *fait accompli*, which has created enormous enthusiasm in Persia, and simultaneously violated the common sense of every responsible Persian leader. To talk of a Persian Government to-day is to misuse language. The Cabinet in Teheran has virtually lost control. The politicians who compose it have not even the money with which to pay the Civil Service, and they can only enforce their will in areas where the Army is actually operating. Of all the danger spots to world peace, Persia is far the most dangerous. Nationalism, as well as nature, abhors a vacuum, and Nationalism has filled the Persian vacuum so completely that there is not a corner left for cool reason. Once again, without moving a Red soldier, the Kremlin finds itself presented with a situation which threatens the Western Powers and, above all, Great Britain. We cannot stand by and do nothing while Anglo-Iranian is confiscated by a Government which has almost ceased to govern. But military intervention in Southern Persia—which is now being ever more strongly advocated—would make nonsense of our attacks on Communist aggression. Moreover, under the 1921 Treaty, it would give the Russians the right to intervene in Northern Persia, and in present circumstances this sort of partition might be the prelude to World War III.

It is against this gloomy background that the chances of an agreed agenda in Paris must be judged. Much has changed since last October, when the Kremlin first proposed a Foreign Ministers' Conference on the subject of Germany. At that time the position of the Soviet Union was extremely unfavourable. It was already clear that the United Nations forces were not going to be driven out of Korea; and Stalin must have been apprehensive lest they would halt at the 38th Parallel, while Britain and America proposed negotiations with the Chinese, which could weaken and finally split the Chinese-Russian alliance. In Europe, too, the outlook for the Kremlin was alarming. The Western Powers had just announced their decision to rearm the Germans, and Stalin can hardly have realised that his enemies would be silly enough to trumpet an intention they were unable to fulfil. Nor could he foresee the disastrous effects on the economy of the non-Communist world of breakneck American rearmament, or foretell that Britain's position in the Middle East would be imperilled by an imbroglio in Persia, largely caused by the jealous rivalry between British and American oil interests.

Seven months later, the factors which made Russia ready to make concessions last October have largely disappeared. The excesses of MacArthurism in the Far East have consolidated the Russian-Chinese alliance and diverted the major part of American military strength to a secondary theatre. Breakneck rearmament, accompanied by inflation and raw material shortages, is undermining the recovery of Europe achieved through the Marshall Plan; and the Russians can feel fairly sure that, even without a Four-Power Conference, there is no *immediate* prospect of the re-creation of a German army. When they first proposed the Conference, they needed an agreement. Now the boot is on the other foot.

Does this mean that the Western Powers are ready to make substantial concessions in order to reach an agreed agenda? Alas! The politics of democracy are not so rational. Apparently it is only the totalitarian dictator who relates his diplomacy to the balance of power. When the balance tips their way, the democracies dismiss negotiation as unnecessary and, when they are weak, they denounce it as appeasement. To-day—in contrast with last October—it is the Western Powers that need a conference and a relaxation of tension. But awareness of their weakness makes them less and not more willing to adopt the weapon of diplomacy.

Mr. Morrison knows full well that, for internal as well as for external reasons, he desperately needs a Four-Power Conference. A successful peace initiative is the condition of survival of the Labour Government. It can only defeat the Tory attacks and disprove Mr. Bevan's dire predictions by a relaxation of the international tension, which would justify the cutting back of the rearmament programme. To side with the Americans in refusing to make the concessions necessary for an agreed agenda in Paris is sheer political suicide. Only if Mr. Morrison opposes them successfully and becomes the architect of the Conference, can he heal the rift in the Labour Party and regain for Britain the role of peacemaker which she was so near to achieving only six months ago.

# Shall Socialism Fail?

## I. The Democrat's Dilemma.

The Labour Party is by profession a Socialist party, and is now helping to set up a new Socialist International. It proclaims itself a "democratic Socialist" party, and denies that title to Communists, who also regard themselves as a kind of Socialists and profess their own version of "people's democracy." Both contestants agree further in aiming, in the long run at any rate, at a "classless society"; and both, while classes still exist, regard themselves as primarily the representatives of the working class. They are both professedly opponents of capitalism, of exploitation, and of class inequality. Both denounce the doctrines of economic individualism and *laissez-faire*: both insist on the need for a planned economic system, designed to produce what is most required by the people, rather than to obey the laws of a self-regulating market. Both stand for public ownership and direction of the essential instruments of production, distribution and exchange.

Where, in this complex of social doctrine, are the essentials of Socialism to be found? Many would have said, not so long ago, that the key Socialist doctrine was the nationalisation, or socialisation in some form, of the means of production, as the only way of ensuring either the production of the right goods and services or a right distribution of the products. But this basic objective can be thought of in two ways. It can mean a revolutionary change in the ownership of land and capital, a sweeping away of the old privileged owning classes. Alternatively, it can imply merely a transfer of the possession and of control of the means of production to the public without confiscation of the claims to unearned income of the previous possessors—a gradual transfer which can be achieved without a social revolution, and even without any fundamental change in class-structure. In the one way of looking at the process, revolution and confiscation are of its essence; in the other, evolution and the granting of "just" compensation. No doubt, the upholders of the second view propose gradually to eliminate the owning classes by taxation of incomes, capital and inheritance; but this is a separate process. On the second view, nationalisation is means rather of making industry subject to publicly planned control than of directly changing the class-structure.

Herein lies the fundamental difference between Communism and the "democratic Socialism" of Western Europe. The Communists stand for a revolution in class-structure as the necessary first step: the Western Socialists stand for a gradualist programme of piecemeal socialisation, coupled with redistributive taxation.

When the Communists get their way, the old social structure is destroyed, and a new one has to be created, all of a sudden, if society is not to fall to pieces. This involves a ruthless authoritarian system, under the control of a centralised and highly disciplined party. It

involves also the creation of a new leadership, which must itself work under strict discipline both in building the new order and in suppressing everyone who gets in its way. Totalitarianism is not an accident of the Russian temperament: it is an unavoidable product of the sudden smashing of the old social structure.

When the democratic Socialists set about building Socialism, no such untoward effects follow. The question is whether Socialism follows. In countries accustomed to parliamentary government, a great deal can be done towards making incomes less unequal by steeply graduated taxation and the extensive development of social services, while a number of industries can be taken over by the State. But is the result Socialism, or even an approach to it? Class inequalities are diminished, in respect of spendable incomes, and there are more opportunities to climb the social ladder. But in the main the class-structure is left as it was: the same sorts of people hold the same relative social positions as before and, accordingly, a high proportion of those in the key positions are hostile to Socialism. There is no unloosing of new enthusiasms among the common people and no rapid emergence of a new leadership.

This is the Socialist dilemma. Communism gets its impetus at the expense of a ruthless authoritarianism and intolerance that run counter to the entire liberal tradition it has taken centuries to build in the West. Democratic Socialism, when it is able to win power, greatly improves the material conditions and security of the bottom third of the people, but has failed, so far, to stimulate the will to serve without which these achievements are bound to remain precarious—the more so because the old ruling classes have not had the sources of their power destroyed and may climb back to authority at any time if the electors' confidence in the Socialists' power to add further to their blessings wanes. Moreover, democratic Socialism, hemmed in between capitalism and Communism, has not shown itself able to win power, even for a spell, in more than a few countries, even in the West. It is impotent in the United States; and, since 1945, its appeal has grown weaker over most of Western Europe. It has never had much following in Eastern Europe, or outside the Continent.

Socialism is an unworkable system without a new social drive such as the Communists have managed to give to it in Russia and in China —and in Yugoslavia. But the kind of social revolution which these countries have undergone is unthinkable among peoples the majority of which are in enjoyment both of tolerable living standards and of considerable personal and political freedom. France, I know, has a large Communist Party; but, unless the Russians were on the spot to help, an attempt at Communist revolution in France could lead only to a Right-wing dictatorship. Italy, where most people are very poor, is a marginal case, and so is Spain. Germany is a special case, because of the presence of a vast number of impoverished refugees and of a Communist German State in the East; but economic recovery would put Communist revolution out of the running in Western Germany. It is not a question, in Great Britain or in the other Western countries, of choosing between the Communist and the democratic Socialist method. The Communist method is not open: Communist Parties can be only nuisances—or, in the last resort, wreckers.

The question, then, for British Socialists is not whether to go over to Communism, but how to get a new impulse behind their attempt to advance towards Socialism in their own way. I think they are failing in this because they have not understood that there are only two methods of shaking men out of their lethargy and of creating the necessary leadership. One is the centralised, authoritarian way of building up a strongly disciplined party which makes itself the sole source of power and confers great subordinate power on its agents at every level, so that they drive on the people in the exercise of their own enjoyment of authority. This was the Nazi way; and it is also the Communist way. The only alternative is to diffuse power, to fling power and responsibility into many hands, to rely on the people throwing up their own leaders in the groups to which they belong—and then to give these leaders the fullest encouragement to use their own initiative and to lead the rest of the people by example and influence, and not by the exercise of authority delegated from the centre. Between these two ways there is no way save that of mediocrity—which the would-be builders of a new social order can least of all afford.

In Great Britain no leadership of this second kind is being built. The Labour Government has not tried to build it. Neither in the nationalised industries nor in the trade unions nor in the Co-operative movement has it given its own stalwarts anything challengingly constructive to do. In the nationalised sector it has set up a structure which is modelled mainly on such large-scale capitalist enterprises as I.C.I.; and the trade unions, in their fear of "subversive" movements, have been suspicious of any proposal to confer real powers on workshop groups, and have favoured centralisation as the easiest method of collective bargaining. Nowhere has local initiative been given much scope, or new leadership much chance to emerge. It is easy to defend what has been done on the ground that any other policy would have involved too many risks, which the world situation forbade Great Britain to run, and that it would have antagonised the managerial class, which is irreplaceable in the short run. But the price paid for these accommodations has been high: it has been the paralysis of Socialist initiative.

Indeed, if democratic Socialism is to succeed, the main task before it is the creation of a new, widespread leadership on terms compatible with the freedom-loving tradition which it is the mission of democratic Socialism, not to destroy, but to extend. There is no third way between diffusing power and driving the people by authoritarian controls which are, thank goodness, alien to our way of life. How this diffusion of power can be translated into terms of concrete Socialist policy I shall try to show in a second article.

G. D. H. COLE

# Festival Diary

No, Sir, the skylon has no purpose. It is not functional in any way. It does not light the Festival; it burns with its own inner light. It's not even a phallic symbol or totem pole. It has no social significance; it doesn't stand for Democracy, Freedom, Progress, or the Future Happiness of Man. It doesn't stand at all; it could stand on the ground, but it doesn't. It's like everything else in the Festival—a huge lively joke, a tribute only to the spirit of nonsense and creative laughter. It may or may not earn dollars. Who cares? Gerald Barry, who has a strong streak of the artist inside him, is to be congratulated on allowing the architects and painters and interior decorators to have their own uninhibited way. He does himself an injustice when he writes solemnly in the *Daily Mail* supplement about the Festival proving our "resourcefulness" and "talent" and "Christian faith" (!), our belief in democracy and all the rest of it. Nothing of the sort. The skylon is a cone of light in a dark world: the Festival cocks a snook at Götterdämmerung.

* * *

I am not deceived by the elaborate pretence that the Festival supplies a systematic presentation of Britain's history. It is true that if anyone had the patience and the time (and chose a sufficiently uncrowded day) he could learn how Britain emerged from the primeval slime some millions of years ago, passed through all sorts of geological, biological and anthropological changes and, by splendid inventions firmly based on coal and iron (see model coal mine and exhibits in the Dome of Discovery and the Palace of Power and Production), created an industrial civilisation from which we eagerly turn away to the sections devoted to sport, homes, gardens, farming and the rest of the outdoor life we love. No, this story of England, true enough in its own way and traceable in a display catalogue, is no more than a huge pretence, an excuse for John Piper, Topolski, Kenneth Rowntree, Edward Bawden and the rest to paint murals, for ingenious designers to build a theatre where real huskies draw frozen sledges to the Arctic, for architects to show what can be done with aluminium trellises and coloured metal work, for model builders and decorators to display their delightful and ingenious talents. Back to Victorianism, back to decoration, away from the functional! How Prince Albert would have loved the exquisite model of the Solar System and the other scientific wonders! We used to think Victorian decoration fussy. Go and look at the pretty fancy work on the model Crystal Palace and see if we are not already turning our backs on the functional period.

* * *

The Festival is gloriously out-of-date. It does not pretend that Britain leads in the struggle for air mastery in the atomic age. Constantly, and, I think, instinctively, the Festival reminds us that we are a sea people. The Harbour Bar will always be crowded; even the roadway is lowered so that the Thames may lie in front of us like an inland sea on whose farther shore lie the mysterious minarets of Whitehall Court, the

Gothic splendour of the House of Commons and the classical perfection of the Adelphi. The most often repeated motif is the mast of a ship; in front of the Festival Hall everything is nautical, if the term may be used to include not only sea-going vessels but also bathing belles and landladies on the South Coast. There are umbrellas over tea tables, but they do not sprout from the ground; they hang from overhead masts. There are rivers and mountain streams. There are boats of every sort, and if the weather is fine the police will have a job stopping us holding up our skirts to paddle or rolling up our trousers to put our boats to sea. Someone will have to keep a sharp look-out to prevent me from scrambling up the Derbyshire hillside. This is one of the clevernesses of the Festival. The designers have doubled their space and enlarged our view by hanging, swinging and terracing everything. Wherever you go, there is a pleasing deception; nothing is on the level. When they want to limit our horizon they do not build a wall, but erect a screen of coloured balls or a flurry of flags. Fearing that some of us may suffer from claustrophobia, they suddenly erect a vast glass tower which serves no purpose except to provide a look-out over London. In the future all our offices must be in such fine glass houses—always assuming that by that time we shall have stopped throwing stones.

* * *

The pretence of seriousness and utility gives out altogether when we reach the Lion and Unicorn Pavilion. The lion and the unicorn are made of wicker and the crown they fight for—an admirable design on an olive background—is composed of the tops of shoe polish tins—or their equivalent. The emphasis on British poetry and the peculiarities of our genius very properly bring to life the White Knight and all the useless things that were his own invention and the invention of other eccentric characters like him. Since poetic masterpieces cannot be displayed in their entirety, gems must be chosen from the works of the masters, and what setting so suitable for gems as a large golden crown in which a few of the choicest jewels of poesy are engraven on rubies, emeralds and amethysts? And to complete this happiest and most imaginative of rooms, a basket is suspended from the ceiling out of which a flock of white doves fly out in ordered grace. On the day I was there, one, ill-disciplined, insisted on spinning round and facing home again. He had found no olive branch and was honest enough to give up the search and report lack of progress to the authorities at home.

* * *

I spent two days in the North after seeing the Festival and tried to discover whether this puckish Festival spirit has survived the railway journey to Leeds and Sheffield. Have provincial towns realised that this is not a utility Festival, but an opportunity for suspending civil servants up in the air in cubicles with flowers in the window-boxes? Have they learnt from the South Bank that a very large blank red brick wall can be made less wearisome to the eyes by decorating it with a creeper of brightly coloured stars? Such ideas, I fear, have not yet spread, as they should, through the length and breadth of the land. I have, however, great hopes that the thousands who come from our great ugly industrial cities will notice what can be done, without much expense, in industrial design. One of the peculiar jollities of this Festival is that everything, printed notices and directions, chairs and tables, bits and pieces all over the place are gaily and freshly designed. Most important of all, what a splendid lot of colour there is wherever you go!

What a triumph the Festival would achieve if the North of England were to discover (what the South of England has only begun to discover during my lifetime), that wood can be painted some other colour than chocolate or (greatly daring) a dull pea-green. Everywhere the country is alive to the Festival, building, as in Sheffield, a new restaurant, or, as in Leeds and elsewhere, reviving King Lear. But the spirit of this Festival is not Shakespeare's, but Edward Lear.

CRITIC

## FESTIVAL SISTERS

My birthday wish receive,
Paris *dear*,
I hardly can believe,
What I hear.
Two thousand years to-day!
*So* old and still *so* gay!
Accept my greetings, pray,
*Most* sincere.

*Fair* Sister, though we stress
Closest ties,
Your news caused, I confess,
Some surprise.
How *strange* a chance of fate,
That my centenary date
Should with your birthday fête,
Synchronise.

While you set out your gems
By the Seine,
I, decked beside the Thames,
Entertain.
In all our splendour shown,
Each mounts her festal throne.
(You make me feel, I own,
*Rather* plain.)

You don't look *half* your age,
So I'm told.
Your clothes are all the rage
As of *old*.
Our ways are *not* the same,
Your glamour I can't claim,
But then *la vie Bohême*
Leaves me cold.

We open wide our doors,
Sister Queen,
Our birthday visitors,
Shared between.
You, smartly, *partly*, dressed,
Attract the paying guest,
I, regal in my best
Crinoline.

I trust your revels go
With no hitch
You *never* would, I know,
Queer my pitch.
As sisters fond we meet,
Our charms do not compete—
A happy birthday, sweet.
(You old bitch.)

SAGITTARIUS

## THIS ENGLAND

**Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.**

The night of the long knives has come again. The foils are off and the masks are down. The struggle for place and power—so familiar inside the Socialist Party—is here once more. It has never been so ruthless since the Wars of the Roses. —*Daily Mail*. (R. B. Sawdon.)

A 67-year-old retired labourer, John ——, went to Durham Magistrates' Court yesterday to testify he was alive. "Are you dead?" he was asked. "I am not," Mr. —— replied.—*Daily Mail*. (M. J. Smith.)

Mrs. ——, of Bishop Auckland, . . . has dyed her platinum blonde hair in two shades of blue—the Auckland colours—and wears across her crown the slogan "Up the Bishops," lettered in gold and royal blue—*Newcastle Journal*. (M. Davies.)

Cowfeteria, a mobile canteen for cows, designed for wide open spaces.—Item advertised in British Industries Fair. (P. Lennox-Kerr.)

Prisoners at Eastchurch, Kent, Open prison asked for "Bless This House" as the closing song in a programme presented by a local choir.—*Evening Standard*. (J. A. Courcouf.)

# Rangoon Express

PUNCTUALLY at 6.15 a.m., to the solemn ringing of handbells, the train steamed out of Mandalay station and headed for the South. Its title, the Rangoon Express, was hardly more than a rhetorical flourish, since among the trains of the world it is probably unique in never reaching its destination. It pushes on, carrying out minor repairs to the track as necessary, unless finally halted by the dynamiting of a bridge. Usually it covers in this way a distance of about 150 miles to reach Yamethin, before turning back. Thereafter follows a sixty-mile stretch along which rarely less than three major bridges are down at any given time, not to mention the absence of eleven miles of permanent way.

Here at Yamethin, then, passengers bound for Rangoon are normally dumped and left to their own ingenuity and fortitude to find their way across the sixty-mile gap to the railhead, at Pyinmana, of the Southern section of the line. The last train but one had even ventured past Yamethin, only to be heavily mortared before coming to a final halt at Tatkon; but our immediate predecessor had not done nearly as well, suffering derailment, three days before, at Yeni—about ninety miles south of Mandalay.

Against this background of catastrophe, the Rangoon Express seemed invested with a certain sombre majesty, as it rattled out into the hostile immensity of the plain. Burma was littered with the vestiges of things past: the ten thousand pagodas of vanished kingdoms, and the debris of modern times; smashed stone houses with straw huts built within their walls, and shattered rolling-stock, some already overgrown and some still smelling of charred wood, as we clattered slowly past. In this area, the main towns are held by Government troops, but the country districts are fought over by various insurgent groups—White Flag Communists of the Party line, and their Red Flag deviationist rivals; the P.V.O.s under their *Condottieri*, the Karen Nationalists, and many dacoits. All these battle vigorously with one another, and enter into bewildering series of temporary alliances to fight the Government troops. The result is chaos.

Our train was made up of converted cattle-

trucks. Benches, which could be slept on at night, had been fixed up along the length of each compartment. Passengers were recommended to pull the chain in case of emergency, and in the lavatory a notice invited them to depress the handle. But there was no chain and no handle. The electric light came on by twisting two wires together. Protected by the religious scruples of the passengers, giant cockroaches mooched about the floor and clouds of mosquitoes issued from the dark places under the benches. According to the hour, either one side or other of the compartment was scorching hot from the impact of the sun's rays on the outside. This gave passengers sitting on the cooler side the opportunity to demonstrate their good breeding and acquire merit by insisting on changing places with their fellow-travellers sitting opposite.

With the exception of an elderly Buddhist monk, the other occupants of my carriage were railway repairs officials. The monk had recently completed a year of the rigorous penance known as "*tapas*," and had just been released from hospital where he had spent six weeks recovering from the effects. Before taking the yellow robe he too had been a railwayman and could, therefore, enter with vivacity into the technicalities of the others' shop-talk. He had with him a biscuit tin commemorating the coronation of Edward the Seventh, on which had been screwed a plaque with the inscription in English: "God is Life, Light and Infinite Magnet." From this box he extracted for our entertainment several pre-war copies of *News Digest*, and a collection of snapshots, some depicting railway disasters and others such objects of local veneration as the Buddha-tooth of Kandy.

Delighted to display their inside information of the dangers to which we were exposed, the railway officials kept up a running commentary on the state of the bridges we passed over, all of which had been blown up several times. It was clear that from their familiarity with these hidden structural weaknesses a kind of affection for them had been bred. With relish they disclosed the fact that the supply of new girders had run out, so that the bridges were patched up with doubtfully repaired ones. Similar shortages now compelled them to use two bolts to secure rails to sleepers instead of the regulation four. Smilingly, they sometimes claimed to feel a bridge sway under the train's weight. To illustrate his contention that a driver could easily overlook a small break in the line, a permanent way inspector mentioned that his "petrol special" had once successfully jumped a gap of twenty inches that no one had noticed. That reminded his friend. The other day his "petrol special" had refused to start after he had been out to inspect a sabotaged bridge, and while he was cleaning the carburettor, a couple of White Flag Communists had come along and taken him to their H.Q. After questioning him about the defences of the local town, they expected him to walk home seven miles through the jungle, although it was after dark. Naturally, he wasn't having any. Insisted on staying the night, and saw to it that they gave him breakfast in the morning. The inspector, who spoke a brand of Asiatic-English current among minor officials, said that they were safe enough going about their work unless accompanied by soldiers. "They observe us at our labours without hindrance. Sometimes a warning shot rings out and we get to hell. That, my dear colleagues, is the set-up. From running continuously I am rejuvenated. All appetites and sleeping much improved."

These pleasant discussions were interrupted in the early afternoon, when a small mine was exploded in front of the engine. A rail had been torn by the explosion, and after allowing the passengers time to marvel at the nearness of their escape, the train began to back towards the station through which we had just passed. Almost immediately, a second mine exploded to the rear of the train, thus immobilising us. The railwaymen seemed surprised at this unusual development. Retiring to the lavatory, the senior inspector reappeared dressed in his best silk *longyi*, determined, it seemed, to confront with proper dignity any emergency that might arise. The passengers accepted the situation with the infinite good humour and resignation of the Burmese. We were stranded in a dead-flat sun-wasted landscape. The paddies held a few yellow pools through which black-necked storks waded with premeditation, while buffaloes emerged, as if seen at the moment of creation, from their hidden wallows. About a mile from the line an untidy village broke into the pattern of the fields. You could just make out the point of red where a flag hung from the mogul turret of a house which had once belonged to an Indian landlord. With irrepressible satisfaction the senior inspector said that he knew for certain that there were three hundred Communists in the village. Going by past experience, he did not expect that they would attack the train, but a squad might be sent to look over the passengers. When I asked whether they would be likely to take away any European they found, the old monk said that they would not dare to do so in the face of his prohibition. He added that Buddhist monks preached and collected their rice in Communist villages without interference from party officials. This, he believed, was due to the fact that the Buddhist priesthood had never sided with oppressors. Their complete neutrality being recognised by all sides, they were also often asked both by the Government and the various insurgent groups to act as intermediaries.

And, in fact, there was no sign of life from the village. Time passed slowly and the monk entertained the company, discoursing with priestly erudition on such topics as the history of the great King Mindon's previous incarnation as a female demon. A Deputy Inspector of Waggons, who was also a photographic enthusiast, described a camera he had seen with which subjects, when photographed in normal attire, came out in the nude. The misfortunes of the Government were discussed with much speculation as to their cause, and there was some support for a rumour, widespread in Burma, that this was ascribable to the incompetence of the astrologer who had calculated the propitious hour and day for the declaration of Independence.

With much foresight, spare rails were carried on the train and, some hours later, a "petrol special" arrived with a breakdown gang. It also brought vendors of *samusa* (mincemeat and onion patties in puff pastry), fried chicken, and Vimtonic—a non-alcoholic beverage in great local demand. Piously, the Buddhist monk restricted himself to rice, baked in the hollow of a yard-long cane of bamboo, subsequently sucking a couple of mepachrine tablets, under the impression that they contained vitamins valuable to his weakened state.

Quite soon the damaged rail ahead had been replaced, and we were on our way again, reaching, soon after nightfall, the town of Yamethin. Yamethin is known as the hottest town in Burma. It was waterless, but you could buy a slab of ice-cream on a stick, and the Chinese proprietor of the tea-shop made no charge for plain tea if you bought a cake. With traditional magnificence a burgher of the town had chosen to celebrate some windfall by offering his fellow citizens a free theatrical show, which was being performed in the station yard. It was a well-loved piece dealing with a profligate queen of old, who had remarkably chosen to cuckold the king with a legless dwarf. The show was to last all night, and at one moment, between the squealing and the banging of the orchestra, could be heard the thump of bombs falling in a nearby village.

It was only here and now that the real problem of the day arose. Since we were to sleep in the train, who was to occupy the upper berths, now fixed invitingly in position? Whoever did so would thus be compelled to show disrespect to those sleeping beneath them; a situation intolerably aggravated in this case by the presence of the venerable monk who was in no state to climb to the higher position. Of such things were composed, for a Burman, the true hardships of travel in troublous lines. The perils and discomforts attendant upon the collapse of law and order were of no ultimate consequence. What was really important was the unswerving correctness of one's deportment in facing them.

NORMAN LEWIS

# Cracked Voice

[Some time along in the Nineteen-Eighties somebody is going to publish a piece [on] the conquest of the United States by the Russians. It will begin more or less as follows: "Never in the history of the world was one people as completely dominated intellectually and morally by another. Whatever the Russians did, we did in reverse. Even religious dogma was Russian dogma turned about. the first duty of a good Christian in the United States in those years was not to love his enemies but to hate the Communists—after which he was told to pray for them if he could."—Archibald MacLeish in the *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1949.]

WHEN Marshall Aid began, the beneficiary governments pledged themselves, at Washington's request, to encourage within their territories the dissemination of news about "American co-operation and assistance in Europe's recovery effort." It was on the strength of this undertaking that the Economic Co-operation Administration established a publicity machine whose evolution, with the growing acerbity of Cold War, has begun to be disquieting.

In the beginning the voice was modest and mellifluous. Reporting to Congress in 1948, E.C.A. stated that the "first simple task" of its publicity was "to inform as many people as possible about the existence of the recovery programme." A year later, however, Congress was told that it had become necessary to adopt "an increasingly aggressive information programme." So far, the objectives could fairly be said to lie in the economic field: the declared purpose of E.C.A. was to achieve "the effect of stimulating the participating governments into more dramatic action." But by June, 1950, a political note had begun to creep in. Further evolution of the recovery programme, Congress was informed, in the E.C.A. report

> has inevitably influenced and been influenced by a broad range of political matters. . . . This has required a shift of emphasis and content in E.C.A. information output. By now, the general public in Europe has come quite properly to look upon the Marshall Plan as part and parcel of American foreign policy, and it must henceforth be dealt with in that context. . . . Therefore, although the participating governments are friendly and willing, it remains in most places for E.C.A. to take the initiative in generating information activity.

The Budget for this "activity"—the unprecedented establishment by a government of a political propaganda machine operating on foreign soil in time of peace—has risen from £360,000 in 1949 to £1,800,000 in 1950, and to some £4,500,000 for the current year; and, as a result, E.C.A. has been able to report to Congress that nine out of

ten people in Western Europe are now reached each month by one or more of its media. Moreover, E.C.A. has travelled far from its "first simple task": its publicity is now being used, if still a little self-consciously, as a blunt instrument for telling Europeans what the U.S. Government thinks they should think about Communism.

Questions which are bound to arise in the minds of many Europeans, and even some Americans, are under what new terms of reference has E.C.A. propaganda assumed its present complexion? What is supposed to be the relationship of this propaganda to the public relations machinery which General Eisenhower's headquarters will develop? And, if its life is to be prolonged, is E.C.A. to limit itself to stimulating the Atlantic Pact nations to carry out rearmament propaganda for themselves, or is it to do the job for them? In the absence, so far, of any official answers to these questions, E.C.A. appears to be re-gearing itself to get on with the job in the light of its own conception of the "defence of freedom."

Some recent tendencies are disturbing. For example, an independent writer was lately asked by an E.C.A. official to write a radio script reporting the results of the recent conference at Douala, in the French Cameroons, of the International Federation of Free Trade Unions. The writer asked what was the required treatment. "No mention of Marshall Aid is necessary," he was told; "what we want is an objective report—how these Blacks are getting on in organising their labour. But, of course, you know the Communists tried to wreck the conference. Naturally, we want to bring *that* in." In short, what was wanted was an anti-Communist "plug," to which the background of African labour, its problems, its demands, reasonable or unreasonable, would be incidental.

Asked to define E.C.A. labour propaganda more explicitly, the same official said: "Well, it's to give the people of Europe as much labour information as we can, and to tell them about the development of the free trades unions." Then, as if conscious of a certain lack of comprehension in his listener, he added: "What it boils down to, of course, is West against East." With even greater candour, another E.C.A. official, the Director of a Department, talking recently of the new policy to a group of Americans and Europeans in a Paris bar, declared: "I've never felt more enthusiastic in my life. No more beating about the bush. Now at last we can come to grips with the Communists." Among his ideas of how E.C.A. should "come to grips," he seemed to cherish most the project of starting a newspaper in opposition to *L'Humanité*: everything that *L'Humanité* said his paper would say too—only, "in reverse."

This may be an extreme example of E.C.A.'s current propaganda trend, but the whole tenor of its publicity is beginning to reflect the blind emotionalism and fear psychosis which is paralysing objective thought in E.C.A.'s own country. Now that "recovery" no longer figures as the primary purposes of the Marshall Plan, European governments might reasonably ask to be released from their pledge to co-operate in providing an audience for this particular American voice. The right of a U.S. government agency to engage, on its own soil, in any form of propaganda it pleases is unquestionable; but there is no warrant in the original Marshall Plan for a campaign in Europe by a foreign Power—conducted by the written and spoken word, by photograph and film—on such controversial and provocative lines. A voice so cracked were better silent.

MORTIMER BICKSTAFF

# Foundry to Belfry

TIME has dealt ungently with Loughborough. Nothing remains to recall to the visitor the days of the Roses, when the lordship of the Manor was held by William, 1st Baron Hastings, till his fidelity to that "easy and pleasant" lady, Jane Shore, cost him his head; the "tymbre" town, of whose "4 faire strates" Leland wrote, was erased by fires in the 17th and 18th centuries; and on the palimpsest there is little save the utilitarian writing of the 20th century—engineering and electrical works, patent medicine and chemical factories and a huge technical college. Yet one calling in the town—craft or industry, as you please—still serves a hangover of the Old Order: in the Cherry Orchard, where they have been established since 1840, are J. W. Taylor and Co., the bell-founders. Their products minister to the votaries of the peculiarly English art of "change-ringing," of which an 18th-century writer observed: "Of all the Athletic Exercises or Amusements now in Practice, there are none so ranked in the Circle of Sciences of so noble a Nature, so conducive to Health, and Employing so many Faculties both mental and corporeal."

On May 5 a notable and (so far as I know) unsolicited contribution is being made to the Festival of Britain by the Ancient Society of College Youths and the numerous provincial Guilds of Ringers: their 46,000 members will ring "peals" far and wide through the country. "Hunting," "dodging" and "place making," sets of bells ranging from a modest five to the grand Maximus of twelve, which covers a diatonic major scale from Middle C to Top G, will be "exercised" in "methods" whose names sound like a seedsman's catalogue—Kent Treble Bob, Grand Sire, Double Norwich Court, Cambridge Surprise and the like.* No bell-ringers worth their salt deem anything less than 5,000 changes—over three hours' work—to be a "peal"; and on Saturday they will do their best to make England once again the *Ile Sonnante* of Plantagenet times.

When I visited John Taylor's foundry a casting was about to take place. One of the big bells was destined for Evesham; and, following an old and proper tradition, the Vicar, accompanied by a party of his parishioners, had come to watch his bell cast. Once, in more pious or less taxed days, they would have thrown vessels of gold and silver into the molten metal to give the bell a finer tone. I saw no such prodigality. But, even so, a good-sized church bell is to-day an expensive acquisition. With metals at their present prices, the cost of a bell may be put at £35 per cwt., so that the current value of "Great George," the 15-ton Bourdon which left Loughborough for Liverpool Cathedral a fortnight ago, would be over £10,000.

The basic method of casting has not greatly altered since the days when itinerant bell founders moved from parish to parish and set up their furnace in a corner of the churchyard. The specifications of weight and size drawn up, the moulders get to work. First they construct out of bricks and rubble the inner, thimble-like "core," which is plastered with a loam compounded of special earths and horse-dung, and then shaped by revolving "strickle boards," cut meticulously to the design. The outer "cope," of heavy cast iron, is similarly coated with loam, shaped, and embossed by the "ornamenters" with such inscriptions as are ordered. The core, resting on a heavy base-plate, is then sunk deep into the greensand floor of the foundry, and the cope carefully lowered over it. The space between the two parts of the mould, now bolted together, corresponds exactly to the dimensions of the bell to be cast.

Next, the bell-metal, normally fourteen parts of copper to four parts of tin (too much tin involves a danger of cracks; and too little, no resonance) is drawn from the furnace into a large cauldron swung from an overhead conveyor. Its temperature is taken by a pyrometer—a process necessitated by the fact that, in the case of a big bell, pouring at any heat over 1,000 degrees C. would cause excessive contraction owing to the bulk of the metal. (This factor of contraction is a chancy one, which may be influenced by different consistencies in the mould.) The correct heat registered, the metal is poured into the mould through a small iron box, on the surface of which a thin crust forms like blue Cornish cream. As the mould fills, air and gas escape through perforations in the cope into the greensand, and are carried up to floor level by little chimneys, which fume and flare.

"Cooling off" in the mould takes from a day to a week, according to the size of the bell. After that, the bell passes, duly trimmed and cleaned by sand blast, to the tuning shop. How much has to be done here depends on how well the moulder has done his job. Theoretically, a two-ton bell, whose mouth is five feet in diameter, should have Middle C as its strike note—its vibrations being 518 per second. But this is not all there is to it. In 1896, Taylor's revived scientifically a method of true harmonic tuning which the brothers Hemony of Amsterdam are credited with discovering in the 17th century, but which became a lost art for nearly two hundred years.

The task of the tuner to-day is to ensure that at least five of the harmonics in his bell are "controlled." Apart from the strike note, there is the nominal (an octave above), the hum (an octave below), the tierce and the quint (a minor third and a fifth above). All these five notes must harmonise with the corresponding notes of every other bell in the peal—a tricky job accomplished by shaving the bell's interior with a lathe. This flattens the note—do not ask me what happens if the note is too flat when the bell comes from the foundry: I suspect the moulder is hanged or the chief caster commits suicide. When I was there the tuner, fork in hand, and with a sense of pitch beyond the capacity of my poor ears, was at work on a set of old unharmonic bells which had been sent in to be improved—no small part of the work in the Cherry Orchard.

The rest of the factory's company of sixty-odd craftsmen includes the blacksmiths who forge the clappers, the joiners who build the large wheels, with their elm-wood rims and a queer pattern of oaken spokes, to which the bell-ringer's rope is fastened. Then there are the frame-erectors who put together the cast-iron structure on which the peal is hung. None of the actual bell-hangers were that day in the factory. Their job, highly skilled and well paid, takes them far afield to the foundry's clients, and the success of a peal depends greatly on their craft. Much, too, depends on their tact and persuasiveness. Bell-hangers, like a high proportion of other workers in Taylor's foundry, are members of one or more provincial Guilds of bell-ringers. After all, even art needs a market; and the more these craftsmen can do to stimulate enthusiasm for change-ringing and for bigger and better

* To those who have an appetite for more knowledge of this mathematical art, in which the theoretically possible permutations in a peal of twelve bells run into many millions, I commend *Bells of All Nations* by Ernest Morris (Robert Hale, 21*s*.).

peals, the better for Loughborough. They can ring themselves into a job.

Let us hope it will always be so. This is an old and honoured craft, without which England would be poorer. With metal prices inflated, and the claims of armaments imperative, Taylor's, like their competitors in Croydon and Whitechapel, are faced with problems in raw material supply. But the demands of the industry in terms of copper and tin are tiny in comparison with Britain's total consumption. Moreover, the Loughborough foundry is entitled to make a case for a reasonable metal allocation on the score of its export trade—particularly in the form of carillons, ten of which Taylor's sold to the United States in the '30s, while two large sets, one for Canada, one for the U.S., have been exported since the late war. In carillons, of course, the bell hangs "dead," and the player works below on a clavier, whose keys are connected to the clappers, and are operated much in the same way as the manuals and pedals of an organ.

Those who have slept, say, in Bruges, near a carillon, will have their own views of the results achieved. Officially, and doubtless with justice, Taylor's are proud of their carillons. But talking to the workmen I had the impression that their hearts were really in the swinging bell: they felt, I sensed, that there was something a little un-English about a fixed bell on which a foreigner could play like a fancy pianist. For them the change-ringers' chamber in the belfry, the dancing "sallies" on the ropes, the fine rivalry of memorised "methods," the clash and rhythm and the sway of a rocking tower.

*Loughborough, April.* AYLMER VALLANCE

# So They Say . . .

"THIS is not to say that we have heard the last of what might be called the Bevan affair," observed the *Manchester Guardian* cautiously last week; and, in truth, the ripples went on spreading in the press, even after the Parliamentary commotion had subsided. First came the argument in the T.U.C. General Council. BEVAN SPLITS THE UNIONS, announced the *Daily Express;* SIX LEADERS REFUSE TO BACK CENSURE MOVE . . . "Only the absence of railman Jim Figgins, who commands 420,000 votes . . . robbed Mr. Bevan of the claim to muster nearly 2,000,000 of the T.U.C.'s 8,000,000 behind him." The *Daily Herald*, however, painted an entirely different picture: UNION CHIEFS STAND FIRM BEHIND ATTLEE . . . "Full support of the Government was pledged . . . [they] showed no sympathy with the action of the ex-Ministers." There was no mention of the 13:6 voting figure, nor any hint of dissension, never mind the names of the dissidents. On p. 2, however, there was an appeal to LET THE PEOPLE KNOW—an attack on Tory Councils who refuse to "let the people know what goes on . . . "

By the week-end, the Right-wing press was beginning to play up the division in the Labour Party again (*Daily Express:* TRIUMPH FOR BEVAN AT SCOTS T.U.C.), and a *News Chronicle* Gallup Poll showed a 59-38 per cent. vote in favour of Mr. Bevan's protest against Health Service charges. Then, on Sunday, came the last of the "verdicts"—*Sunday Dispatch:* "The Labour Party demands high standards of public loyalty . . . Mr. Bevan chose to flout all these . . . and in doing so flouted much else, including decency, besides"; *Reynolds News:* "We pay our tribute to dignity of conduct and Socialist loyalty that have marked the actions of Aneurin Bevan . . ." The Beaverbrook press continued its diligent coverage of Mr. Bevan (*Sunday Express:* REBEL BEVAN GETS THE 'GLAD HAND' FROM HIS HOME TOWN), but there was already a hint of the next Big Story: OIL CLASH CRISIS—'IF BRITAIN LANDS MARINES, RUSSIANS WILL MARCH IN TOO,' was the main story in the *Sunday Dispatch*.

BEVAN DENIES PARTY SPLIT: CALL FOR UNITY, announced the *Daily Herald* on Monday, reporting Mr. Bevan's Ebbw Vale speech. SOCIALIST RIFT GETTING DEEPER, countered the *Daily Graphic*. "What Mr. Bevan has made is no mere split, but a veritable chasm," considered the *Daily Mail*, describing him as the "Pied Piper of Tredegar," while the *Daily Express* was concerned with the activities of the "columnists of the Socialist press," under the alliterative headline TYPEWRITER TUB-THUMPERS' RALLY ROUND THE REBELS. . . .

There were great expectations on the Right side of Fleet Street about the debate on Tuesday, which was to have had the rebels writhing on the horns of their dilemma. When it petered out in a comfortable majority for the Government, the editorial writers turned to the new Big Story with all the imagery at their command:

*Daily Express:* "The Persian oil lamp burns red for danger . . ."

*Manchester Guardian:* TROUBLED OIL.

*Daily Graphic:* DANGEROUS OIL.

*News Chronicle:* BOILING OIL.

It looked as if copy-tasters were veering in their appetites from Bevanism to the Anglo-Iranian crisis.

### The Old School Spirit

*Daily Worker, April* 27: CHEERS FOR LIGHT BLUES—CROWDS WELCOME CAMBRIDGE CREW.

*Daily Express, April* 27: NOT EVEN ONE LITTLE CHEER FOR BLUES.

AUTOLYCUS

# Free Zone

TIER upon tier of low, blue Kasbah houses, white cement ten-storied hotels, six-foot-wide native shopping lanes and Californian boulevards all equally cluttered up with flocks of overburdened donkeys, five-thousand-dollar glistening Cadillac taxis, motorised peanut vendors in their firm's green uniform and tiny Arab shoeshines in tattered rags, poor Riffian peasant women with bare faces and wealthy Berber ladies proudly flaunting dark glasses between the folds of their white veils—all this is Tangier in the hot Spring sunshine. In no other North African city are there so few products of the old Moslem civilisations, and so many Western luxuries in the shops. Yet, from the moment he sets foot on the ground at the Tangier airport, the most hardened traveller feels in the atmosphere a quality that is distinctive and rather disturbing.

At first I thought the uncanny feeling was due to the ill-concealed fear which comes out in the conversations of the rich refugees in Tangier—the fear of peace in Europe which might prick the bubble of the present building boom, deflate the extravagant price of houses for expected refugees from World War III, and bring the speculative price of land from £80 per square metre back to £5. But what one feels more acutely in the end is the extraordinary local reversal of the values of right and wrong. It is strictly forbidden to cross the boulevards at the pedestrian crossings before being signalled to do so by one of the white-helmeted members of the 400-strong International Police Force of the Zone. They all speak at least three languages and are incorruptible—thanks to high pay and strict supervision by their Belgian Commandant. And they don't accept excuses. On the other hand, it is quite in order to sell gold and currency on the kerbside, with a "tick-tack" technique to regulate varying quotations for the Blue Pound, the Green Pound, the 100 Peseta notes, the French and Moroccan Franc, the Lira, the various dollar denominations. The shouted rates can be heard above the bustle of the crowd, the hooting of sleek American cars and the trampling of donkeys.

No other community in the world shows so great a respect for the law of its own as do the Tangier underworld and its upperworld—Nazism's racial victims who settled there in the Thirties, Nazism's neutral purveyors of food and commodities grown rich during the war and fearful afterwards, Francoist agents, Spanish Republican refugees. There is hardly ever an ugly incident in Tangier—a city with only four murders in the last three years. Since business is business, one must live there on the right side of the law or get out. But no law, anywhere, is widermeshed. There are no gangsters at work in Tangier: they come there "to have a rest"—like the famous M. Lecca who came from Marseilles after the disappearance of the Aga Khan's jewels and before their return to their owner.

There is no smuggling inwards. Last October, a seaman from the Gibraltar-Tangier boat tried to peddle in the town eleven pounds of opium. He was directed straight to a police "buyer" who got out of him the information that it was part of a 27lb stock, found by his mates in the tanker *War Hindoo*. Three days later, the whole gang was arrested—to everyone's satisfaction. This civic zeal for virtue is due to the fact that everything else can be imported legally, from silk to gold, securities and jewellery. Nobody wants to see any change in the blessed *status quo*.

There is also no smuggling outwards. "Merchant bankers" can and do buy American cigarettes at 10½d. for 20, in the duty-free harbour. A yacht may carry, say, 5,000 boxes to Spain, France or Italy, where the operation ceases to be legitimate business. But only a few third-rate citizens are still prepared to run the risk of having both boat and booty confiscated, plus a heavy fine to pay. Nowadays even the expensive Spanish and Italian customs patrols are not to be trusted! Tobacco running is looked down upon in Tangier as a "beginner's game," all the more since it is much easier to make a steady 18 per cent. profit by speculating in land.

Moreover, there are lots of other legal ways of making a fortune in Tangier—if you are tough. And you can do much with a little capital. For instance, at an address much advertised in Tangier, you can charter a 'plane with no questions asked; for a flight of up to 1,100 kilometres it will be ready within two hours. Then you may go to Angola, buy gold at the local price of $30 per ounce, and resell it on the open market in Tangier at $50 per ounce, as was done during the whole of last year. Or, conversely, you can export the "Tangier Ingot," now made in a newly built foundry thanks to the efficiency of a well-known firm. Arbitrage also offers innumerable possibilities, as the rate of the Peseta is constantly changing in the Zone. Moreover, there are no death duties, no income tax, no tax on turnover. The maximum annual charge is £25 for patent rights, but only for banks with a capital of more than 2 million French francs. All others, including mine-owners, jewellers, etc., pay on a sliding scale from a maximum of £15 to 8 shillings a year. There is no inspection of books and, indeed, no need for a bank to keep any. And, in most cases, clients prefer to be known by a code figure which directors keep in a pocket notebook. This legislation enables one to venture into all sorts of remunerative activities—as the 6,400 registered

companies in Tangier since 1947 have obviously found out for themselves.

Here is your chance: you can become a "*domiciliateur de sociétés*," a lovely profession. On Monday afternoon you meet parties of businessmen arriving from all over the world on the weekly direct plane from Paris. You ask how much nominal funds they would like to invest in a new Tangier company: according to their answer, you require £21 to £61 for registration fees. On the Wednesday night, the new firm is legally constituted; and you have become the local director—one is demanded by the law of Tangier—at quite a reasonable yearly salary. The work is easy: you receive the firm's mail and forward it unopened, thus providing the Head Office with an accommodation address. The head man in this profession houses 427 banks, export companies and shipping lines in his flat. This, however, is an unequalled feat: you cannot hope to represent more than thirty to forty concerns.

What is the point of it all? Suppose an Italian silk manufacturer establishes in Tangier the "All Spaghetti Slick Silk Company, Ltd.," from now on known as the "A.S.S.S. Co." Nobody can prove he owns it. Suppose he sells to the A.S.S.S. Co. the bulk of his silk output at a profit of one Lira per yard: after all, there is no law to *compel* a man to make maximum profits. The silk is sold in or from Tangier at 50 per cent. of the price in Italy, but with a 100 per cent. larger profit, as there are no taxes in Tangier. Then the fun starts: the A.S.S.S. Co. can change the money thus accumulated into gold or dollars, act as the buying agent of the Italian firm, and purchase American machinery (for which it asks payment in Lira) on a very large commission basis. . . .

By virtue of the Pact of Algeciras, the Sultan of Morocco had to grant the Signatory Powers supreme control over the 140 square miles of Tangier's International Zone. To-day, eight Powers—Belgium, France, Britain, Holland, Italy, Portugal, Spain, and the U.S.A.—constitute a Committee of Control. Russia is not in it; she participated in the quadripartite conference of 1945, to decide what was to be done about the occupation of Tangier by the Spanish Forces from 1940 to 1945; but, when it was decided to secure their retreat without any sanctions, the Soviet Government refused to allow its representative to sit next to General Franco's. So eight "controlling" consuls now meet regularly in the most exclusive club in Tangier. They are mindful of their duty never to disturb their fellow-members, so they sit and contemplate: as the Statute of the city puts it, "their duty is to see that everyone has full economic freedom".

The International Administration is in charge of M. van Vredenburch, who carries out, with the Dutch virtues of fairness and kindness, his duties in defending the cause of the European population. After two years of strenuous efforts, he has obtained for them the concession that the water supply should continue after 9 a.m. and electricity even into the night. But his efforts have failed to secure a better standard of living for the poor Whites, let alone the Moslems. It could not be otherwise, as Tangier has no budget credit for hospitals, crèches, schools or special prisons for child delinquents. These are thrown into jail with the hardened cases.

You, however, if you like, can be a banker in Tangier: whether or not you have a criminal record is quite irrelevant. But beware. In order to be happy in the International Zone you must love nothing but money; you must forget the mellowness of a grey sky, the feel of grass. This is a land which grows nothing but dividends.

ALAIN VERNEY

# The Arts and Entertainment

## THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

*The Pilgrim's Progress*, produced last week at Covent Garden, does not exhibit the powers of Dr. Vaughan Williams at anything like their full stretch. If we hoped for an operatic counterpart to the wonderful Sixth Symphony of 1948, we were in for a disappointment. The symphony, plainly the result of a single burst of creative energy, said with conviction and finality something deeply characteristic of its author, and at the same time overwhelmingly new and strange. The genesis of the Bunyan morality-opera has been very different: it is the long-delayed outcome of a lifetime's brooding over a favourite theme. The trouble is, that, as every artist knows, one can live too long with one's subject. There comes a fatal moment when the iron begins to cool; and such a moment, I suspect, occurred some time ago in the gestation of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Much of its thematic material has been already worked more succinctly and more tellingly in the Fifth Symphony; very little of the new score has the freshness of *The Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains*, composed 30 years ago and now incorporated in the final act. Elsewhere, the composer has fallen back too readily on his standard formulas for mystic exaltation: parallel common chords, pentatonic tunes, high violins *divisi*, and so on. It is as though Wagner, instead of creating a new musical language for *Parsifal*, had dished up once again the stale ingredients of *Lohengrin*. The result, to be frank, is monotonous: but monotonous in so thoroughly English a way, with credentials so unimpeachably respectable, that I fully expect to see *The Pilgrim's Progress* hailed as a masterpiece by scores of people who would turn up their noses at real opera-composers like Massenet, Janacek or Donizetti.

Vaughan Williams has drawn his own libretto from Bunyan's great book, and his considerable skill in compression and in the handling of detail cannot disguise one serious defect: Pilgrim seems to be having too easy a time of it. Who can forget the terrors of the journey, as described by Bunyan and summarised in a masterly passage by Macaulay:

> As we advance, the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The shade of the precipices on both sides falls blacker and blacker. The clouds gather overhead. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro, are heard through the darkness. The way, hardly discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes, to terrify the adventurer. . . At the end of the long dark valley he passes the dens in which the old giants dwelt, amidst the bones of those whom they had slain.

Of this more sombre aspect of the story we are given almost nothing. During the first two acts, Pilgrim submits to an inordinate amount of dressing, undressing and military equipment, which naturally has to be performed in a very slow and solemn manner, and so takes a disproportionate amount of time in the enacted fable. We have the fight with Apollyon; later on we have Vanity Fair, followed by a few minutes in prison—and that is all. Unfortunately, in the scenes of conflict the musical inspiration is at its lowest. There is no chill of terror about this Apollyon, and about as much wantonness in Vanity Fair as we might hope to find on a quiet night in the Battersea Pleasure Gardens.

The result is to diminish considerably the interest and sympathy we feel for Pilgrim. Arnold Matters, with grave voice and dignified mien, did what he could, and it was not his fault if we seemed to be watching, not so much the spiritual struggles of a sorely tried man, as the illustrious ascent of the best boy in the school from Lower Third to Upper Sixth. As at school, the most enjoyable part was the last summer term—by which I mean the episodes with the Woodcutter's Boy and the Shepherds; the passing-out ceremony itself, though fully choral, was sadly dull, with—strange to relate—only *one* trumpet "sounding on the other side." Austerity, I suppose. And what did that solitary trumpet play? Simply a flourish which we had been hearing at intervals throughout the evening—a flourish unhappily reminiscent of the "Albert the Good" tune in *Albert Herring*. It would be hard to imagine a more inadequate treatment of Bunyan's glorious climax.

Covent Garden mounted the work in an appropriate style. The production by Nevill Coghill and the decor by Hal Burton, if unexciting, were at least free from eccentricity. A young conductor, Leonard Hancock, held his forces together with unobtrusive skill, and did all that was possible to mitigate the uniform effect of so much solemn rapture.

* * *

London, which usually rubs along with one *Dido and Aeneas* per decade, finds itself this summer with the prospect of no fewer than three different productions of Purcell's school-girl opera. At the Lyric, Hammersmith, the English Opera Group is first in the field with a new "realisation" by Benjamin Britten (preceded by Monteverdi's mimed recitative *The Battle of Tancred and Clorinda*, in which I could find only archæological interest). On May 22nd, Sadler's Wells puts on Professor Dent's edition; and in September Bernard Miles's newly reconstructed Elizabethan stage, the little Mermaid Theatre in St. John's Wood, is to give 20 performances with Kirsten Flagstad as Purcell's head girl.

*Dido* is a jolly little work, lasting an hour or so, with lilting songs, saucy choruses, poignant recitatives, and at the end one astonishing emotional climax, which lifts it clean out of the school-entertainment class: "When I am laid in earth" and the lovely concluding choral threnody. Except for supplying, from other works of Purcell, a possibly lost ending to the second act, Britten's version differs little from what one generally hears in modern performances. Sophie Fedorovitch has supplied handsome Restoration costumes and sets, against which Joan Cross stages an effective, if occasionally awkward, production. Among the singers, Bruce Boyce, a resonant and upstanding Aeneas, carried off the honours; both Belinda (Pamela Woolmore) and Dido (Nancy Evans) were, on the first night, vocally uncomfortable and inclined to sing off pitch. The prime requisite for a Dido is the ability to sing that last "Remember me!" easily and beautifully. So now—bring on more Didos.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

## RADIO NOTES

In anticipation, I found the idea of the Third's devoting a week's programmes wholly to material written, produced or performed in 1851, exciting. Having consequently immersed myself for a week in 1851, I must regretfully say that I think the experiment failed. What began in excitement ended in something very close to boredom. This may of course have been due to a defect in my own historical sense, but I am by no means convinced of this. The historical sense was, in fact, quickened only rarely. What was conspicuously lacking was the feel of the day-to-day life of the year. The news bulletins, which might have supplied it, didn't. It came through quite dramatically at one point, in Tocqueville's report to *The Times* on the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon; and it came through from time to time in the short prose readings between the main programmes, in the two-minute extract, for example, from the aged Duke of Wellington's agitated correspondence with a lady on the subject of an article of nursery furniture called a "baby jumper." But, with one significant exception, which I shall deal with later, the main programmes failed to supply it. And the musical programmes, which one might have expected to further the illusion of 1851, scarcely helped, because many of them were

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exactly the same as one may hear at symphony concerts and organ recitals to-day. As for the popular songs of 1851, the association was immediate, and fatal; it was, quite simply, Villiers Street and the Players' Theatre.

But there were other reasons why excitement languished. There were the plays: *Box and Cox, Retired from Business, The Lady of Lyons.* How dreadful they were! There was some amusement to be obtained from *The Lady of Lyons* in listening to talented actors and actresses hopelessly at sea with character and language that demanded a mode of interpretation impossible at the microphone; but apart from this, only the student of theatrical history could have been other than sandbagged by these plays. I do not doubt they mirrored the theatrical taste of 1851 with merciless fidelity, but the gulf between that taste and ours proved, for me at any rate, too great to be bridged.

The talks were a different matter: Kingsley, George Eliot, Dickens, Ruskin, Thackeray, Marx and Engels, the Mills, Newman: a galaxy—but, not unnaturally, they did not write for radio. They did on occasion, however, write sermons and lectures, and then, as material for broadcasting, the works chosen to be read came over admirably. It was instructive, for instance, to compare Kingsley's sermon *The Fount of Science* with his review of new poetry that was presented as a talk. The sermon was excellent, eloquent, forthright, its content of the highest interest. The talk—a piece of very bad Victorian prose—could scarcely be listened to and, except on the lips of such an experienced radio actor as Mr. Raf de la Torre, must have been almost unreadable at the microphone.

The success of the week was unquestionably the dramatised extracts, produced by Mr. Cleverdon, of Mayhew's *London Labour and the London Poor.* This was an extremely good feature, and for once I felt that dramatisation even enhanced the book that was adapted, if only by virtue of Mr. Carleton Hobbs's beautiful rendering of Mayhew and the excellent cockney of the characters questioned. In this programme 1851 sprang to life. For the rest, the week's project seems to me to have been an interesting failure. I am glad to have heard it; I wish it had gone on for only three days; and though it might have destroyed the very basis of the project, I could have welcomed a talk or two on the year from the point of view of to-day, an interpretation of what we had been hearing by Mr. G. M. Young, say, or Mr. Humphry House.

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## THE MOVIES

### "Born Yesterday," at the Odeon
### "Mad Wednesday," at the London Pavilion
### "The Galloping Major," at the Plaza

Miss Judy Holliday has the time of her life in *Born Yesterday.* She must have enjoyed herself in the play (always, in the case of these star surprises, there has been a play); the film thrust an Oscar into her hands. Who or what Miss Holliday is by nature I haven't the least idea, but in *Born Yesterday* she realises the dumbest of blondes, the nitwit who has nibbled a millionaire crook (Broderick Crawford). They go to Washington. They take a wing of the hotel, they scream at one another from gulf-separated windows in peacock tones that would delight any anthropologist, and, in fact, entrance an intellectual-seeming reporter (William Holden). To him falls the at first sight improbable task of educating the doll. She talks—so far as she *can* talk—in a high, clipped, nasal New Yorkese which Miss Holliday manages to make fascinating throughout the film. A wonderful imperviousness to everything, from senators and their wives to her gorilla chieftain, accompanies her every action. Yet there is a hidden spark. She plays a wicked hand of gin rummy (in its infuriating guilelessness, one of the funniest stretches in the film), and when it comes to self-improvement and romantic love she can pop out of her doll self with excruciating charm. Her naivety and her hoppity little xylophone notes end, if a little inevitably, by capturing us all. It is a wonderful display of the dead-pan vernacular, with unpredictable bum-wriggles and rounding of the eyes, and Miss Holliday's triumph is complete. As Oscars go, hers is not so far-fetched. The film amuses and drags and revives and sentimentally closes; not, one feels, wholly as the theme demanded, and probably not as the original author, Mr. Garson Kanin, determined. At times, during the sightseeing and the initiation into citizenship, one is even tediously aware that a satirical play has been strung out into an amenable film. They come, in fact, to Washington, as others have done before them. However, this is bright and not too slight movie-making, well acted, smoothly directed (by George Cukor), and not compromising itself too outrageously. An afternoon film.

*Mad Wednesday* is directed by Preston Sturges and revives Harold Lloyd, and is only half as funny as it should be. Sturges's reverence for slapstick thrusts itself on us with the long "quotation" of a football match from the silent Harold Lloyd days; there is then a good deal of talk, funny, but not quick enough; some fantasy, some satire; and then a meagre imitation of the hero's high times with a cake-walk after a lion on a high ledge. What has happened to Preston Sturges? A middle-aged fatness of talent seems to have overtaken him, as it has Disney, Lubitsch, Clair, Lang, and so many other strong men of the Hollywood circus. *Mad Wednesday* isn't bad fun—except that it aims at being more riotous than it is—and Harold Lloyd himself, twenty years later, emerges as an artful and mildly endearing hare. But from these two, director and comedian, a good deal more might have been anticipated.

Our own contribution to the week's gaiety is amateur in the extreme. Despite Basil Radford, who always appeals to our livelier and better feelings, *The Galloping Major* represents the lowest common multiple of Ealing comedy. It describes itself as a "fairy tale about horse-racing." Could any fairy tale undertake a more boring topic? Three races have to be endured here, including a Grand National that is partly the pure brutality of fact and partly the fling of fiction, and not all the democratic chorus work of Lamb's Green can warm us to the spectacle. The butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker are—in English hands—the most thundering of screen bores.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

### British Painting, 1925-1950, at the New Burlington Galleries.

This exhibition, which ranges from Stanley Spencer to Ben Nicholson, is made up of the work of twenty-four painters, each having on an average about five pictures in his section. Because it is only the first part of the anthology planned by the Arts Council, the critic is prevented from indulging in his favourite pastime of regretting most of what has been included and all that has been omitted; yet accepting it as it stands, I must say that only a few artists are fairly represented; no one for instance could gauge the stature of Edward Burra or William Roberts from these examples of their work, while David Jones and Christopher Wood, genuine but rather limited artists, have surely been allotted too much space. Many of the pictures are familiar; among them are some good ones: a dark iron sea by Paul Nash, an early painting of two hills (or pebbles?) by Sutherland, a finely observed silhouette of a sprig from a pear tree by Prunella Clough, a 1946 Colquhon of two strong women and a bird cage, a rather oriental still-life by Frances Hodgkins (No. 24), a typical Lowry—also one painted in 1926 which shows how single-minded his development has been—a Village in Heaven by Spencer and two excellent pictures (about 1935) by Matthew Smith, a landscape and a small nude. All these have one thing in common: their form—the way they have been painted—and their choice of subject matter, are dependent on, and indivisible from, the artists' intensity of observation and feeling. Many of the others, perhaps because there is no coherent tradition in contemporary British painting, lack this sense of purpose; Bacon's horrors are not justified by any spirit of tragedy, Piper's textural romanticism is seldom supported by an original poetic discovery, MacBryde's garish still-life lacks the strength of acute observation, and so on. The question that needs to be answered is Why, not How.

J. B.

### Shaw Festival, at the Arts

In the next three months the Arts Theatre are putting on the whole cycle of Shaw's one-act plays. This project may, on paper, have looked more pious than pleasing. For Shaw is not one of those writers whose every fragment is of deep interest, distilling something of the essence of the artist's mind. On the contrary his short pieces, at least in the reading, seem like the unwanted crusts of his talent thrown out for the special occasion. Badly played (as we saw a few weeks ago) they are almost unendurable. But as it turns out, doubts are unnecessary. The first four—*Great Catherine, How He Lied to Her Husband, Passion, Poison and Petrifaction* and *The Admirable Bashville* make up a thoroughly entertaining quartet. A strong company act with a good sense of style. There are times when they verge very near that fatal defect of guying the characters instead of playing them, and this is a thing to be watched. But with the extra latitude that these trifles allow, they stay just on the right side. *Great Catherine* is the most considerable of the plays, and it comes over to us so well largely owing to Mr. Alan McNaughtan as the English officer in the courts of the barbarians: so blessedly unconscious of the risks he is running, so simply assuming that his native standards are normal, that he takes the wind out of the savage's sails. Mr. Stephen Murray produces excellently and Mr. David Bird is a splendidly gross Prince Patiomkin. Miss Brenda Bruce is the backbone, both of *How He Lied to Her Husband*—a joke against Candida, and of *The Admirable Bashville*, the boxing melodrama written in fake Shakespearean verse. She is becoming a most polished comedienne, though there is a danger of one or two of her mannerisms

(that small-stepped walk, for instance) creeping up on her. Miss Vivienne Bennet, Mr. John Slater, Miss Joy Hodgkinson and Mr. Maurice Denham are others who contribute to a very amusing evening.

T. C. W.

**"The Winter's Tale," at the George Inn, Southwark**

In Shakespeare's own borough, in the courtyard of the George Inn, and by permission of British Railways, the Morley College Players celebrated Shakespeare's birthday with an admirable production of *The Winter's Tale*. The air was sadly wintry too, at last Saturday's performance; Perdita shivered in her muslin at the shepherd's feast, and Hermione's plight, as a statue in drapery, did not bear thinking about. But the production, rising triumphantly above material limitations, had that special integrity which is the amateur's potential prize when he tackles a great and hard play. Justice was done to the separate elements of the play—tragic, humorous, lyrical; the smaller parts were rendered with life and feeling—Charles West's shepherd and Sally Power's Mamillius are gratefully remembered beside Audrey Peart's Paulina, Kay Hankin's Perdita, and Peter Hones' Autolycus—but Mr. Archie Harradine's production never lost the pervading sense of dream which is the note of this strange play. Leontes dreams evil and from that stems tragedy; Perdita fears her happiness may be confined within her dream; the discovery of Hermione seems the projection of a dream of reconciliation in Paulina's mind. Perhaps a word could be said, too, for the audience—the Mayor staking Southwark's claim to Shakespeare, those wisely-muffled Americans with their steamer rugs and open texts—for it, too, helped to achieve this integrity in which Sicilia and Bohemia, the shepherds and the dances, imposed themselves without incongruity on a platform on to which normally British Railways lorries discharge their loads. One disappointment—the lack of a bear to chase Antigonus off-stage—prompted a question: did the original production just borrow an animal from the nearest bear-pit?

J. A. S.

**"After the Show," at the St. Martin's Theatre**

Transferred from the Watergate to the West End, this revue proves to have more wit than polish. Even the wit is embryonic. Too many of the lyrics begin well with a good idea, and end lamely in clangorous innuendo. For the most part, it is the familiar mixture—period nostalgia, Shaftesbury Avenue personalities, the ageing ballet star, the hoary musical comedy and the operatic quartet. All this, with an occasional dash of sentiment, makes an agreeable evening if one has dined beforehand and is not feeling in too critical a mood. Yet comparisons are inevitable enough, without our being invited to witness Miss Gingold taken off as one of the "Terrible Three at Miss Conti's." Mr. Robert Dorning, a fine artist in the Kendal-Byng manner, appeared nervous on the first night and failed to give the cast the lead it expected. Even his usual uproarious "Girl of the Golden West" misfired. As his partner, Miss Beryl Reid had a heavy gamut to sustain. Miss Reid is a newcomer to intimate revue and seems at present uncertain of where her real strength lies. Whether as Mother Europe ("ravaged but interesting in places") or as a very old skater, she excels as a kind of tough, weatherbeaten blonde. This is her obvious *métier* and she can safely leave the lady of the shires and the little girl who has "just hung father" to others. In the second half Miss Susanne Wilde sings a song about "Z-Man Blues." It is by no means a good song, but even if it were one would hardly have heard it for off-stage chatter in the O.P. corner.

J. N. B. R.

**"Gwith Loves Oswig," at the Embassy**

The "quirk" in time, that supposedly makes past and present lives run in parallel, is not a new idea. Nor is the shared dream: one recalls, with discomfort, the throat-catching sentimentality of *The Brushwood Boy*. Mr. Kenneth Horne, however, has contrived to give the notion a reasonably fresh twist by posing a question pertinent to a comedy of manners—how does a politely bred young man in the twentieth century react to the discovery that his fiancée, Jill, is apparently fated to spend all her hours of sleep reliving—in a dream more real than reality—an affair with a ninth-century lover now reincarnate in Stephen, officially engaged to her own sister? Since this is a piece aimed unambitiously at light laughter, the facile solution—"all change"—is obvious a little too soon; but Jill and Stephen are played with pleasing bewilderment by Eleanor Summerfield and Alwyne Whatsley, Richard Bird is an agreeably not-too-heavy father, and Erik Chitty manages, in brief flashes on and off the stage, to show how useful valetudinarianism can be to a doctor. Directed and acted with a nice sense of timing, *Gwith Loves Oswig*—surely a less repellent title could have been found?—is a gay and painless trifle.

A. V.

# Correspondence

## THE RESIGNATIONS

SIR,—Your arguments on the Bevan crisis, and those of Mr. Mikardo, are more than usually hard to controvert, since you both clearly have access to Cabinet secrets denied to more humble members of the party. But the following propositions have at least as much supporting evidence as the contrary ones which you and Mr. Mikardo put forward.

First, all the production Ministers were not opposed to the present Defence proposals. The Minister of Supply himself has made this quite clear in a recent speech, and Mr. Freeman has admitted that this particular passage in his resignation letter was liable to misinterpretation. Apart from Mr. Wilson, all the other Supply and Service Ministers remain in the Government, and thus presumably assent to the programme. Nor is it obvious that the views of a Chancellor should carry less weight on this particular subject than those of a Minister of Labour.

Secondly, Mr. Mikardo's statement that Bevan and Wilson made a number of compromise proposals which were turned down flat is very much open to question. It appears at least as likely that the reverse is the case, and that many approaches were made by the Leader of the House and others to the resigning Ministers, and all rejected flatly.

Thirdly, it is not true that teeth and spectacles were merely the occasion, and not the cause, of disagreement. If the Cabinet had given way on the Health Charges at an early stage, presumably the two Ministers would not have resigned, since these charges were at that time the only issue in dispute. We should then have heard nothing of rearmament, raw materials, and the rest.

The raw materials argument, as now presented, is not easy to understand. The £1,300 m. Defence programme was accepted by the Cabinet in January, and defended by Mr. Bevan in the House on February 15th, in a rightly much-lauded speech. It was based, naturally, on the assumption that sufficient materials would be available to ensure full employment of resources.

Since they did not resign in February, and indeed defended this programme in public, Mr. Bevan and Mr. Wilson must now base their objections on the (allegedly) new factor of a prospective raw materials shortage. But suppose this shortage materialises, and unemployment follows, what happens? Most of the scarce materials are used not only for arms production, but for civilian production as well—cotton for clothing, sulphur in agriculture, nickel for false teeth. We should then be able to maintain neither the arms programme nor the civilian standard of life. Faced with general unemployment, a shortage of home goods and falling tax revenue, the Chancellor would have to recast his entire Budget in order to make it stiffer and thus avoid a wild inflation. On this assumption about materials, therefore, the Budget is certainly wrong—but for the opposite reasons to those advanced by the critics. Mr. Gaitskell should have made *fewer* concessions, and cut still further into personal incomes.

So, on the critics' own assumption, their argument about the Budget is wrong. But in fact their assumptions are highly questionable. The raw materials position is not substantially worse than seemed likely in January when, as members of the Cabinet, they accepted the £1,300 m. programme. The last

At the time of the Exhibition of 1851 the Midland Bank, then a vigorous Birmingham undertaking of fifteen years' standing, began a policy of amalgamation and expansion which later was to bring it to London and to a leading position in banking. To mark the Festival of 1951 the Bank has issued a special edition of the booklet MIDLAND BANK SERVICES FOR YOU. This gives general information concerning the exhibition, as well as describing the many services of the Bank. Copies of the booklet can be obtained at any branch of the

MIDLAND BANK

few days have brought gloomy news about steel, but encouraging news about sulphur, nickel, and aluminium. There has been in recent weeks the beginnings of a crucial and favourable change in U.S. stockpiling policy; and our production figures for the first quarter of 1951 exactly fulfilled the Chancellor's estimated increase of 4 per cent.

At the moment, then, the Chancellor's predictions are turning out more nearly right than those of his critics. But surely the dispute on this point comes down to a disagreement between two sets of experts on a highly technical issue, a disagreement in the guesses they make about future material supplies. If the Chancellor proves wrong, and Mr. Bevan right, then we shall need an autumn Budget and a drastic change of policy, including cuts both in the arms programme and the standard of life. Then will be the time to argue. Meanwhile a "constructive Socialist policy," such as you demand, would seem to consist of getting more raw materials—and it is not clear that resignations will help much here.

There is no sense in which this is an issue of Left versus Right: it is merely a conflict between two views of future production prospects. If the worst occurs, and unemployment results, there may then be a genuine dispute as to where the inevitable cuts may best be made—and we may then sadly regret that Mr. Bevan is not still in the Cabinet. But at the moment the arms programme looks perfectly feasible, and it is unwise to create an imaginary Left-Right issue just when the trend in the Government's foreign policy (MacArthur and the Far East, the postponement of German rearmament) is so strongly in a Socialist direction. ANTHONY CROSLAND

House of Commons.

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SIR,—Socialists should avoid being stampeded by the Right-wing press and politicians into believing there is a wide split dividing the Labour Party. There is no gulf splitting our ranks into two separate divisions. What exists is a measure of disagreement about the road we must travel towards our Socialist democracy. The difference between this interpretation of recent events and that given by most hostile newspapers—and some who should know better—is important. If there was any real split, those of us who share many of the doubts of Bevan and Wilson would be forced to leave the Party. Nothing is, in fact, farther from our minds. Our disagreement is on one or two specific points which we feel to be not merely important, but vital. But there is no question of a split. Our sole purpose is to put forward a point of view which differs from that of the majority. We no more deny their right to hold a different point of view than we deny the right of the Tories and the Liberals to disagree with Socialism. Equally, however, we expect the same rights to be accorded to us, freely and sincerely. Let the Tories talk of dissension and disruption. But let Socialists understand the true facts behind the present disagreement and refuse to be frightened into disillusionment and discontent by the present spate of wild, inaccurate headlines.

At a recent meeting of the Hampstead Parliament I told the Tories that there was no point at which we could meet them in their attitude towards the Communists. We detested Communism, but that did not make us allies of reaction. The Tories believe that there is no alternative but to indulge in wild witch-hunts, even though it means that many who are caught in the net are merely tiny liberal mackerel. We, on the other hand, believe that to go fishing for Communists successfully we must first isolate them from the people by providing the majority with such necessary improvements in their conditions of work and living standards as will make the glib, attractive, but impossible promises of Communism unwanted and unnecessary. The Bevanites believe that the present rearmament policy makes the first course much more likely than the second.

But it would be foolish for those who disagree with Bevan to imagine that those of us who think he was right to resign have any conflict with our fellow Socialists. We simply hold the view that some of our leaders are putting the cart before the horse and creating still worse problems than those which they are seeking to solve. We have no sympathy whatever with Communism. We detest it utterly. But that does not stop us viewing the present trend of rearmament with, to say the least, trepidation. This trepidation arises because we feel that on its present vast, unrealistic scale, it will so damage the economy of this country, and in turn that of many nations in West Europe, that the instability which will result will give a new lease of life to the waning fortunes of the Communists. Most of us, who side with Bevan and Wilson in the stand they have made, feel that it is we, and not those other Socialists who disagree with us on this issue, who are in the vanguard of the fight against Communism.

We have no quarrel with the Labour Party. We do not even basically disagree with the policy of the Government. And none of us has the slightest intention of doing anything to wreck the chances of a Labour victory at the next election.

Having said that, however, we must add that, in our view, unless there is a fundamental change in the attitude of the party towards rearmament (by linking it to our standard of life), the social services (by giving them equal priority with Defence) and nationalised industries (by reorganising them on Socialist lines), then our chances of victory at the election are precisely nil. We believe, further, that, if we lose that contest, it will be largely due to the gradually developing Right-wing policy of the Government. That we have lost support in many constituencies is undeniable. In our view it can only be regained by putting before the electorate a policy which is thoroughly Socialist and completely divorced from any ideas which the Tories may hold. Let us get back to that "down to earth" attitude in politics which says that Socialist and Tory thinking doesn't mix; and that when it does it is usually to the detriment of Socialism.

Tragedy will only result from the present disagreement if Bevan, Wilson and Freeman are branded as "rebels" and "wreckers" and denied their right to explain their case to the people as members of the Labour Party. What is at stake besides the issue of rearmament is the right of a minority, although we believe it to be a very considerable one, to voice its opinion and to use every democratic means within the Labour Party to get those views accepted by the majority. The menace of Communism can only be combated by a sincere acceptance of the rights of opposition. We either allow disagreement within our ranks, or we deny our right to be regarded as honest opponents of the Communist idea.

Put simply, our aim and the reason for our stand is to stop British Socialism lurching "disastrously to the Right." MOSS MURRAY

11 Vernon Court, Hendon Way, N.W.2.

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SIR,—Surely there is general agreement with Ian Mikardo's thesis that the political and economic implementation of a democratic Socialist policy is essential, primarily because it is right and also because it is the necessary alternative to Communism.

There is certainly an antithesis between this and Tory policy, although Ian Mikardo believes the necessity of military preparedness should be "*reinforced* by political, economic and social weapons" and it may be incorrect that the Conservative Party relies "entirely on the guns . . . and the atom bomb as the only weapons against Communism." Even the wiser Conservatives may realise that it is expedient not entirely to ignore the psychological importance of such social reinforcements.

In any case is not your correspondent somewhat morbid in suggesting that we have "begun to accept the Tory thesis" because of the 50 per cent. charge on teeth and spectacles? Personally I deplore the charge, as I also do the inability of the Chancellor more substantially to increase old age pensions and to meet other social needs more adequately. What Socialist does not? It would indeed be lamentably unfair if those who support Messrs. Bevan, Wilson and Freeman were henceforth to assume they alone are the authentic protagonists of true Socialist policy.

I am sure my parliamentary colleague did not wish to suggest this, but simply to utter a salutary warning. In this respect the resignations need not involve internal acrimony if mutual respect is sustained in the present divergence of judgment as to how best a critical financial and economic situation

*Down from the skies drops cash for Malaya's outlying plantations—where pay-day must be pay-day if the free world is to get its rubber. Pilots of the Malayan Flying Clubs, frog-hopping from estate to estate above the ambushed jungle roads, maintain a delivery round that is not without its risks. British Insurance covers those.*

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can be met. Nor would that situation be very different if the Chancellor had not proposed the 50 per cent. charge, for it arises out of international circumstances which, at the best, we can only hope partially to control.

It may be that "too many people in the Party" suffer from ocular deficiency in not seeing the "wood of principles and policies for the trees of teeth and spectacles," but surely it was precisely those trees about which our three colleagues who resigned were so concerned. Had they not been so, presumably they too would not have appreciated the threatened deforestation of the wood! Or should we infer that apart from spectacles and dentures they would have resigned had not there been far more substantial concessions to "old age pensioners, the chronically sick, the unemployable . . . the war pensions?" Perhaps they would have continued until cumulative burdens imposed by lagging international trade, shortages of essential materials and a higher cost of living made some economy mechanically unavoidable.

One earnestly hopes those burdens will not be imposed, but we have to face the possibility and appreciate our economic vulnerability. We cannot compel other nations to send us the meat, timber or sulphur we so urgently need nor insist that they buy our products. Yet unless, as we all know, we can secure both imports and exports adequate for our internal needs, it will not only be free teeth and spectacles that will disappear.

A reduction of arms expenditure would be of great benefit, but this cannot be done without affecting the context of the Atlantic Pact and leading to drastic military and economic repercussions the country as a whole would not tolerate. For good or ill we cannot isolate our "wood" from its contiguous world environment; and our exacting task is to recognise the measure of inter-dependence between our own sylvan habitation and the wilderness, the jungle, the meadowlands or the hunting grounds beyond.

Within our domain we must continue to uphold our achievements and seek to do still more. The impingement of harsh world facts cannot be evaded, but can be translated into a deeper faith in our democratic Socialist comradeship and in our persistent effort to ease the war-neurosis that paralyses mankind. May the resignations, somehow, serve this end.

REGINALD W. SORENSEN

House of Commons.

## FREEDOM AND CATHOLIC POWER

SIR,—Arnold Lunn's statement in a recent NEW STATESMAN AND NATION that Paul Blanshard is not "taken seriously by informed critics in America" tells more about Mr. Lunn than it does about Mr. Blanshard. As publishers of *American Freedom and Catholic Power* and of Mr. Blanshard's forthcoming book, *Communism, Democracy, and Catholic Power*, we should like to quote a few critics who might be considered "informed."

The Division of Public Libraries of the American Library Association honoured *American Freedom and Catholic Power* as one of the "fifty outstanding books of the year."

The editors of *The New York Times Book Review* selected it as one of the "outstanding books of 1949" even though the management of *The Times* would not permit any mention of the book in advertising.

John Dewey, the dean of American philosophers, said: "Mr. Blanshard has done a difficult and necessary piece of work with exemplary scholarship, good judgment and tact."

*The Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science said: "This is a powerful book deserving serious attention from both laymen and social scientists," and referred to its "careful documentation largely from Catholic sources, (its) razor-keen analysis. . . ."

*The Philosophical Review*, edited by the Sage School of Philosophy at Cornell University, said: "Mr. Blanshard has performed a great service to philosophers in that the issue which we must decide—and by 'we' I mean philosophers—becomes that between authoritarianism and freedom."

One wonders whether Mr. Lunn would consider the editors of the Jesuit weekly *America* to be "informed critics." They took the book so seriously that they reviewed it to the extent of seven full-length articles.

A prominent spokesman for the Roman Catholic Church in America has taken the book so seriously that he has written a full-length book replying to Blanshard, under contract to one of America's largest and most respected secular publishing houses.

American Catholicism's foremost authority on canon law considered the Blanshard study to be worth a review several thousand words in length. This was widely assumed to be the definitive Catholic answer to Blanshard. Then Blanshard published an answer, and apparently the original review has disappeared from circulation; at least we never encounter it any more. And since then, no other Roman Catholic spokesman has even attempted to make a full reply to the Blanshard book. They have contented themselves with the tactics of Mr. Lunn.

MELVIN ARNOLD
*Director*
The Beacon Press,
Boston, Mass.

SIR,—Mr. Arnold Lunn's statement that "Paul Blanshard is not taken seriously by informed critics in America" presumably means that anyone in America who takes him seriously is not, in Mr. Lunn's opinion, an informed critic. A very wide, well-read and well-educated reading public here certainly takes him seriously. Anyone trained in the use of evidence cannot escape the force of the quotations from Catholic sources which make up the bulk of his case against the political and social exploitation in the U.S. of the doctrine of the infallibility of the Church; an infallibility not, apparently, limited, like that of the Holy Father, to pronouncements *ex cathedra*.

HELEN M. CAM
Cambridge, Mass.

## FAITH, MORALS AND POLITICS

SIR,—May I congratulate Ritchie Calder on his fair-minded and objective article "Faith and Morals." As an Irish citizen I am flattered at the description of Ireland as a "democratic country." I am not so certain of the accuracy of the statement.

In the Irish Republic, alas, democracy has experienced a serious relapse; not because the Catholic Bishops did one thing or the Catholic Doctors wanted another thing, but because the Parliament of Ireland, Dail Eireann, did nothing at all.

In a democratic country, Parliament is the ultimate judge of what shall or shall not be done. All interested bodies, lay or ecclesiastical, should make their objections or interests known to Parliament when the project comes up for consideration; and, at the ensuing General Election, the public has the last word.

Nothing of this sort took place in the case of Dr. Browne. His project, which had already received considerable publicity at public expense, was repudiated by the Executive of his political party and he was thereupon directed to resign by the head of that party. Parliament had no say in the matter until after the event.

It hardly matters whether the project was a good or a bad one; whether it threatened faith and morals, or whether it did no such thing; what matters is whether, if this procedure is to obtain, democracy, or at least parliamentary democracy, can survive in Ireland anywhere.

This is what we have to decide, not whether the Catholic Bishops were right or wrong in their actions and contentions. If the Parliament of Ireland has lost control of the actions of the Government, then the Republic of Ireland is, temporarily at least, no more democratic than the British Northern Ireland enclave.

E. DORMAN O'GOWAN
County Cavan.

## HAROLD J. LASKI

SIR,—I have undertaken to write a memoir of the late Professor Harold J. Laski. There must be many who possess letters from him, or other manuscripts and documents. I should be very glad to see them. They will be carefully copied and returned. All such MSS should be sent to me at the address below.

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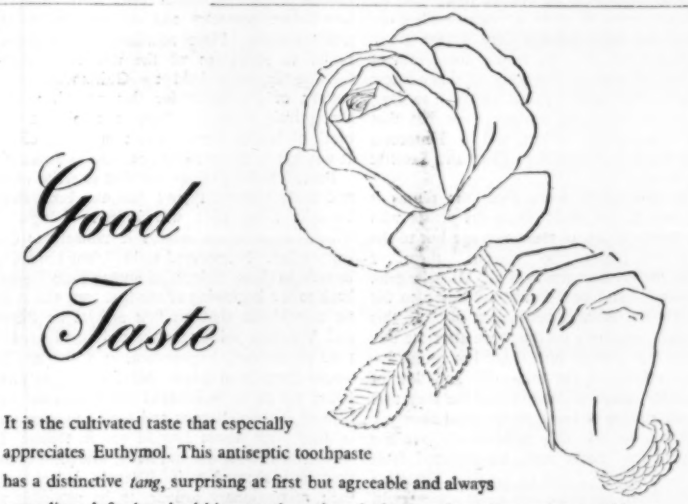


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# Books in General

Sir Kenneth Clark's book on Piero della Francesca* must be judged as a work of literature, as an object-lesson to painters, not merely as a contribution to history. It is as much a modern book as Spender's autobiography or the latest Graham Greene, relevant to life in London at the moment, lively, full of suggestive images, shining lights, but not free from those small errors that in biography are so difficult to stamp out. It is altogether more ambitious than art books (outside France) normally are, with their guarded qualifications and apparatus of scholarship, and hence much more vulnerable. It treats a great genius in the only way in which he deserves to be treated, with a broad sweep, with reckless generosity. The names of La Tour, Vermeer, Seurat, Cézanne are splashed across its pages, not so as to claim that they have any direct connection with Piero or he with them (however, there is some evidence that Seurat as a student was acquainted with copies from the Arezzo frescoes), but so that the sluggish mind should be stirred to speculate, so that the remote time should be brought nearer to us in spirit, so that the language of form that we have picked up from our near-contemporaries and turned into everyday speech should be seen always to have hovered in the background at the painter's beck and call. Sir Kenneth's "unhistorical" approach, so shocking to purists, is rooted in his belief, I should say, in the autonomy of art, riding rough-shod over fashion and the changing scene, existing outside time. Yet all we mean—most of what we mean—when we say that art exists outside time is that it has significance for us. We would not dream of elevating an artist to the plane of timelessness unless he had some special message to-day; and to the twentieth century Piero has that urgent message to deliver, just as Tintoretto had to Ruskin, Botticelli to Pater and Sassetta to Berenson.

Each generation, then, picks the plums it needs out of the past; discovers artists who seem to belong not to their own age but to the age of the critics who "invent" them. I daresay the greatest artists of all, Michelangelo, Rembrandt—and now Piero, according to Sir Kenneth, has taken a permanent place in this company, remaining on the shore after the tide of taste that carried him there has receded—are not subject to the same ebb and flow of reputations, since so many-sided are they that they are capable of being retranslated for every generation, to suit that generation's peculiar requirements. Some new, unsuspected facet of them is slowly turned to the light, revealing to a perplexed age some new point about itself, filling a gap in its self-knowledge. Lesser artists are held up for a decade or two to the light, only to be chased away, handed over to archivists to haggle over or to journalists to vulgarise, as soon as their short message has been delivered, as soon as it is found that they are in fact not polygonal but two-dimensional, as soon as the thirst for them has been assuaged. Perhaps this fate awaits Serodine, Paulus Bor, Stomer, Bloemart, Giani, Sinibaldo Scorza and other heroes of post-war art criticism; perhaps they will be found to have meaning for us but for no later age, and in time will slip back into a featureless landscape.

Now Piero is no exception to the general rule that an artist is known before he is discovered. He was a familiar name to the nineteenth century. Copies of the Arezzo frescoes were made as early as the 1840's. Two of his greatest masterpieces, from near the beginning and near the end of his career, were acquired by the National Gallery long before Cézanne had embarked on his analysis of form, and thus long before Piero could be "invented." It has always struck me as significant that these particular examples should have found their way to London—pictures that we would not now regard as absolutely typical of Piero, although of course we have learnt to see them within the context of his style and to apply the same judgments to them as to the others. One can imagine the *Baptism*, still flooded in the warm light of Domenico Veneziano (or, as critics would then have said, of the Blessed Angelico) and the *Nativity*, with its echoes of Flanders, with its choir of angels reminiscent of Della Robbia, finding perfectly respectable niches among the "Primitives" who were then worshipped. On the other hand it is inconceivable that such austere, such Euclidean theorems as the Urbino *Flagellation* and the Rimini fresco could ever have inspired deep love before geometry and art were linked in men's minds. Piero remained an insoluble riddle to historians of the age of realism. Cavalcaselle, who held up Ghirlandaio as a pattern of excellence for this period, wrote perceptively of Piero's "neglect of all but the block of human form," but complained of it. It was left to the twentieth century to desire it.

Berenson was perhaps the first to write with real feeling about Piero; but the book that brought Piero alive was Roberto Longhi's, which Sir Kenneth admits is unlikely to be superseded. It appeared in 1927, but Longhi's interest in these "blocks of human form" goes back to the beginning of the first war, and it is no coincidence that his first articles on Piero and Venetian painting were published at the time of the early experiments of Cubism. It would have been impossible for Longhi and hence for us to understand Piero without the help of Picasso, Braque and their counterparts in Italy with whom Longhi was in touch: I do not mean Boccioni and Balla, who must even then have seemed to intellectuals, in spite of their revolutionary ardour, to be pursuing a byroad in art, so much as Severini, Soffici, and at a slightly later date the metaphysical school. "Returning to the more strictly figurative import of the scene, we would point out that note of abstract beauty, as of a shaded sphere, in the delineation of the young priest's face . . ." wrote Longhi, not as one might suppose of one of Chirico's lay figures stranded on a piazza, his guts riddled with set squares, but of a youth from the Arezzo *Restitution of the Cross*. "Observe, again, how the so-called 'subject' of the scene appropriates no preponderating interest to itself" was his way of describing the *Torture of the Jew* in an age when form could be happily divorced from content. Again, in an age without religion he could refer to the figure of Christ in the *Resurrection* at Borgo San Sepolcro as "horribly sylvan and almost bovine, a rustic form standing there like some grim Umbrian peasant and contemplating from the edge of the Sepulchre his acres of this world." "Those few sweeping curves and almost right-angled intersections are really formed by the consummate grace shown in the pose of a neck or a head-dress, in the movement of a bosom or the line of a girdle, in the form of a lap or an uncovered throat" applies not to a Cubist guitar-player of 1914 but to the Queen of Sheba's retinue. "The natural inlay of the wood—which itself becomes an inlay in the picture, and moves forward, and is finally quartered on the azure sky" might do well as an evocation of a 1917 Juan Gris, but is in fact a description of a detail from Piero's *Removal of the Bridge*. Finally, it is difficult to believe that the following passage refers not to Carrà or Modigliani but to another episode from the Arezzo cycle:

> Human beings have themselves the shapes of cubes or columns. And thus their limbs move but seldom upon the chess-board of space, like so many men played by an extremely far-sighted champion, who watches each piece with equal caution and spares his moves.

It is a tribute to the power of such phrases that, long after we ought to have passed in spirit beyond them, they still force their way between our eyes and the image, still dominate our perceptions on every renewed contact with Arezzo and Borgo. Even Sir Kenneth Clark, covering the same ground as Longhi twenty years later, all too conscious, I should imagine, of the necessity of saying something entirely new about Piero, something applicable to our own time that was not applicable to 1927, cannot escape him, cannot avoid paying tributes to his predecessor, with hymns of praise to columnar draperies, to background houses built up like cubical blocks, to a far-away look in an eye, to a triangular pattern formed by gaps between legs.

However, so much has happened in the interval between the two books that there are bound to be profound differences between them, that cannot be accounted for merely by differences between the temperaments of the two writers. Born into an optimistic period when there still seemed prospects for Western European culture, Longhi's book was a gesture of exploration, a dazzling leap into the future; born into a period of nostalgia for the past and misgivings about the future, Clark's book cannot avoid being an act of consolidation. The first emerged out of the shadows of a cool and deserted portico by Chirico; the second belongs to the warmer, more humane, less intellectual world of Henry Moore, to whom, incidentally, it is dedicated—not of course to the abstract but to the humanist Moore of the Northampton *Madonna* and the *Family Group*. Where Longhi was clever and captivating, Clark is solemn and awestruck; where Longhi wrote of Piero's impassive detachment, Clark

* *Piero della Francesca*. By Kenneth Clark. *Phaidon Press*. 42*s*.

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stresses his humanity and his literary imagination; where Longhi saw ellipses, Clark sees God. It seems on the face of it that the Twenties were the best time for a critical evaluation of Piero's art (just as 1900 was for Greco, at the moment of the emergence of Expressionism), given that Piero's outstanding qualities—his habit, for example, of reducing the forms of nature to cones and spheres, his undramatic presentation of dramatic events—were most easily assimilated at a moment when the best contemporary art was almost abstract, and I cannot help feeling that Sir Kenneth Clark has set himself an impossible task in rewriting Piero's life when abstract art is on the wane, when it is not clear what movement is to take its place. Longhi could not help being more inspiring because driven by this spirit of adventure. But it would be rash to assume that Longhi's picture is necessarily the more accurate; and if we are correct in supposing that Piero has now joined the ranks of those very few artists who present different facets of themselves to every generation that passes by, and that there are a sufficient number of facets for every age to steal from him the spiritual nourishment it requires, then I do not see why other explanations of his genius, which contradict what we have assumed are sound, should not be equally valid.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

## ANCESTRAL VOICES

On a hot day of the enigmatic spring
My loneliness smote me like a shower of rain
In the lost garden where the singing birds sing
And every worn-out image is renewed again

And the old rhymes take on a certain new life;
And fifty petulant pretties about my bed
Tempted me like St. Anthony and Caesar's wife,
Silently attracting me, without a word said.

Meanwhile the age of the atom, of cellophane and nylon
Moved with the flowers and the birds towards a new summer,
Its hot nights haunted by the glorious Skylon,
So obviously symbolic of forces older and dumber.

GAVIN EWART

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Long is the night in cold Korea
And the peasants bury their dead
Under the snow.
They do not see the horses charging over the land
Nor the riders with golden spears
Nor the gold shoes of the horses
That bring fire out of the ice.
They do not see: they are too busy.

But when they have finished their task
They sit by the Han river
And the snow in the gullies
Piles higher than a man nine feet tall.
And when it rains and the river turns red
They grow afraid of the eagles
With wings of iron
Who scratch by night in the paddyfields of the dead.

And at six it begins to grow dark
And the wind splinters the glass in the windows
And when it falls to the ground
It glitters like stars
That some tall man has hurled from the sky.
Who are the travellers over the mountains of fire
Going one way and then another with broken boots?

PATRICK GALVIN

## LIGHT ON SCIENCE

**Profile of Science.** By RITCHIE CALDER. *Allen & Unwin.* 16*s.*

**Science, Sense and Nonsense.** By J. L. SYNGE. *Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Although the writers of popular science have included many of the most distinguished names in science among their number, from Faraday to Jeans and Eddington, there is no scientific activity so ill-rewarded in prestige. In the somewhat comparable case of music, the man who brings the sounds to the listening ear earns fame not much lower, if less enduring, than that enjoyed by the composer. It is time that men of science came to realise that the future of civilisation, including that of the science that we quite genuinely love, depends on the success of men such as Ritchie Calder of the *News Chronicle* and Professor Synge of Dublin in presenting what we are doing to the general public in an intelligible form. It is frightening to realise that the world is governed by men most of whom have only the sketchiest idea of the driving force which has made our world to-day differ more from that of Henry the Eighth than his did from that of the Pharaohs. And this is just as true of Whitehall as of the electorate, in whom ultimate democratic power resides. Not that we should be any better off if governed by the Royal Society—*absit omen*! Twenty years spent in research is a bad training for making a long series of decisions on evidence which is necessarily almost always inadequate, yet this is the essence of government. Rather we should aim at giving every man with any claim to education the same general familiarity with the main ideas of science that the men of a generation ago had with the ideas of Greece and Rome, even if they had never opened a Horace since they left school, or as a considerable proportion of men in our own time have of the main events in the history of the Western world.

In the book under review Mr. Calder adopts a different technique from that usual in popular science, and let me say at once that it is a very successful innovation. The usual method is to attempt a more or less logical exposition in language as little technical as possible of some section of some science. This book gives an impression of more than half of the big events of science in the last fifty, and more particularly in the last twenty-five, years, including physics, chemistry and biology. To do this in one volume by the old method would probably be impossible and certainly make the book unreadable. Mr. Calder's method is to tell the story of discoveries in terms of the people who made them. He has a gift for making people come to life in a few phrases and then uses their personalities as pegs on which to hang their ideas. The main stories are those of atomic energy deriving from the work of Rutherford, of electrons deriving from that of J. J. Thomson, but described backwards from its application to radar, of germs derived back from penicillin to Pasteur, of vitamins sharing with the germs the story of modern drugs, and of Boyd-Orr's work on World nutrition. In the part of which I am competent to judge, the standard of accuracy is high. There are, of course, plenty of things that a specialist would have described with more precision but probably less vividly, a few where the emphasis is a little different from what one would have chosen, but very few that could be flatly contradicted and those not important. The book is eminently readable and does manage to convey an atmosphere not too far from the real thing. Of course, a book such as this must pick high-lights, but the author has contrived to include a surprising number of minor discoveries which help to give a better idea of the feel and complexity of scientific thought than one could get from a detailed study of one idea—for example, those expositions of relativity so popular in the Twenties.

It is difficult to say how much actual knowledge someone reading this book with no previous training would take away—perhaps not very much, but he would certainly get an impression of the kind of thing science is, of the way in which it grows and in which its parts interact, which would probably serve his needs better than a precise knowledge of fact.

Professor Synge's aim is a rather different one. Though primarily concerned with the general reader his book has an appeal for the man who works in a laboratory and wants to think out the philosophy behind what he is doing. Professor Synge uses the clarity and wit which the best Irish minds share with the best of the French to explain the relationship of mathematical theory to experimental fact. Compared with Mr. Calder's this is a limited subject, but it is one on which there has been much recent thought and a good deal of controversy.

Though a mathematician himself, Synge has the insight to realise that science, even physics, is more than finding mathematical formulæ which will predict the pointer readings of imaginary experiments. The discovery of phenomena must after all precede their explanation, and is worth doing even if the explanation lags far behind. History shows that naive ideas which could hardly have survived logical analysis have been at least as successful as aids to discovery as a more sophisticated approach.

Professor Synge sees the man of science in four aspects: "aesthetic, mystic, practical man and craftsman—there he is, the scientist." He quotes with approval Lord Keynes's judgment on Newton: "He was the last of the magicians, the last of the Babylonians and Sumerians," but qualifies his approval with the remark that British science still retains some of this attitude in its legacy from Newton and has not wholly surrendered to Greek logic. There is some truth in this; is it matter for regret?

Whatever one may think of Professor Synge's conclusions, and, personally, I agree with many, he has undoubtedly written a clear exposition of a live subject; that it is sometimes provocative is all to the good. Except in a dialogue on relativity (not the best part of the book) his demands on his readers' mathematics are of the smallest.

G. P. THOMSON

## THE ENIGMATIC RACINE

**Jean Racine.** By GEOFFREY BRERETON. *Cassell.* 22*s.* 6*d.*

Although there is no lack of books on Racine, one cannot help feeling at times that there is not much to be said about him. The great plays stand before us in their stylised, yet naked, perfection and discourage comment. The interesting authors to investigate are the untidy geniuses who just miss perfection in various exciting ways, who fill our minds with "problems," whose life spills over unassimilated into their work, and who have left a fascinating trail of human strength and weakness in diaries and letters. Some modern writers, realising this and almost consciously confusing literature with the material of literary gossip, sell their anguish hot off the grill, so that we find ourselves reading about them, talking about them and worrying about their love affairs and their opinions, before we have had time to ask ourselves whether they have produced any real literary work at all. Their work is for them, as it were, only a means of becoming public personalities. This tendency has been widespread since the beginnings of Romanticism and is no doubt justifiable as a para-literary phenomenon. But Racine lived in a Classical period. Between the reader and himself he reared a wall of perfection. We know that he was not very likeable, that he was ambitious in a most calculating way, and that he was accused of having poisoned his mistress; as Mr. Brereton puts it in an excellent image, "the poet who was once held up as the supreme example of classical clarity is discerned to-day rather as a monstrous shadow moving under the surface of his own style." Yet the plays are so complete in themselves that we do not feel the urge, as we probably should in the case of a lesser writer, to penetrate to the shadow behind. Our attention is satisfied by the crystalline miracle in the foreground. We take down the volume to surrender ourselves again to

the ebb and flow of the great speeches, plain statement after plain statement tinged with a phosphorescence of poetry, and we wonder once more why so simple a line as—

Je ne l'ai point encore embrassé d'aujourd'hui should glisten and tremble like an unshed tear.

Mr. Brereton feels, however, that this poetic appreciation is not enough, and invites us to reconsider Racine's career as a practising dramatist. His book is sub-titled "a critical biography"; it is a careful reassessment of the known facts of Racine's life, with some critical discussion of each work at its appropriate place in the story of events. Mr. Brereton handles his considerable learning with a classical soberness and lightness and gives a fair summing-up of each of the traditional difficulties. He is particularly good, for instance, on the Boileau-Racine relationship, as it has been passed down for generations in the literary manuals. He assembles evidence to prove that Racine, not Boileau, was always the dominant partner and, after a transparent precautionary gambit: "This is not an Englishman's quarrel," fiercely damns Boileau: "It is obvious that if Boileau was right in his conception of poetry, then Racine was hopelessly wrong. It needs a strange opacity of taste to suppose that the latter went to school with the former." On a number of points such as this he corrects the popular legend, and his book will certainly help to freshen up University examination papers.

It is hardly his fault, however, if the link between Racine the man and Racine the writer still remains tenuous. What the reader would probably like to know, in a gossipy way, is first how Racine came to have his now elegiac, now tragic, conception of love, and secondly why a dramatic poet of genius should suddenly renounce the theatre and appear relatively content with the post of Historiographer Royal. But it is precisely about Racine's love affairs and the reasons, religious or otherwise, for his retirement from the theatre, that information is most scanty. Mr. Brereton squeezes the known facts as hard as he legitimately can, but nothing very convincing emerges. We remain with the impression of a vaguely sinister man, callous and deep (not at all the "sensitive and attractive figure" promised by the blurb) and we learn nothing either about the hopeless longings which must have inspired the great tragic speeches about love, or about the mental decision which condemned him to silence for many years. There is a cat-like prudence and fastidiousness in the surviving correspondence; the only spontaneous emotion he appears to have expressed in writing in the first person is a slight irritation.

In his last chapter, *The Originality of Racine*, Mr. Brereton abandons the biographical method and ventures into pure criticism, intended, no doubt, for the English reader who has not yet come to a full understanding of Racine. He makes many excellent points and some controversial ones. Perhaps he could have shown more explicitly that in Racine's plays all the conventions—the verse, the limited vocabulary, the royal characters, the unities—are handled with such mastery that they achieve their true effect, which is to present the essential emotion more nakedly than could be done in realistic writing. Extreme artificiality is the most sophisticated way of overcoming the necessary artificiality of all linguistic expression. Therefore, any attempt to make Racine more natural, or to jazz him up, is silly. Mr. Brereton regrets, in a note, that the tendency in the French theatre nowadays is towards naturalism It is indeed. A year or two ago I saw Gaston Baty's production of *Bérénice;* the actors delivered their speeches with little or no feeling for the verse and—I still blush when I think of it—Titus and Bérénice cuddled on the palace steps and then kissed each other on the mouth. A kiss in Racine is tantamount to obscene illustrations in Jane Austen; and the lines, as Valéry has said in an admirable essay, should be delivered as music in which, so to speak, the sense is just allowed to rise to the surface. But in our complex, unfinished world, so different from the oppressive but coherent atmosphere of Louis XIV's court, we are perhaps not often in the state of grace in which it is possible to act, or even read, Racine.

J. G. WEIGHTMAN

## EVERY MAN HIS OWN DUSTMAN

**Human Needs.** By MICHAEL GRAHAM. *Creuset Press.* 15*s.*

Strictly speaking, this is not a book about human needs but about the social values which the author himself holds dear. He is indeed convinced of the universality of these values, and would favour a conscious attempt to organise societies which would embody them. To support his views, he adduces observations of the behaviour of animals, children and Esquimaux, as well as archæological and historical evidence about societies that have existed in the past.

It would be fairly easy to show that this illustrative material is inconclusive if not actually misleading, but such a demonstration would be unduly ponderous. In stating his personal requirements for a future society, Mr. Graham is within his rights. He is at an advantage in having had a Quaker father whom he admired, a boarding school where he was happy, and experiences in the navy and army which led him to believe that men work naturally together in teams. He is by profession a naturalist and fishery expert. This background has combined with readings in Kropotkin, Trotter, Mumford and Margaret Mead, among others, to produce a gentle and reflective anarchism which to my taste is less synthetic than some other recent versions of the doctrine.

Mr. Graham finds that there are nine human needs: dignity, adventure, gaiety, exercise, family, code, tenets, defence, goodwill. They may seem an odd mixture, and some are certainly more concrete than others; but the list is no worse, if no better, than other lists that begin "food, shelter, clothing," and so on. Mr. Graham has no difficulty in showing that civilisation is inadequate in supplying the first three needs on his list.

> In modern civilisation the "dustmen" form a good example of the carrying of division of labour to a point where dignity is hurt. It is true that dustmen are often the most jolly fellows alive; but nobody could really believe that their mothers took all the trouble of raising them with the idea that they should be dustmen.

This is well said, and it is a fundamental criticism. But it leaves on the critic the onus of devising a society without dustmen.

In a small enough village every man can have his own midden. It is to this smaller scale that our author inevitably turns for relief though he stresses that "there are no short cuts to social betterment." He provides a sketch for a utopian society called Mandatia, based on "joint enterprise," which a thousand years hence will have superseded the civilisation of the herd. In this society "every block of houses or hamlet of fifteen households is governed by a team of fathers, who do all government business in the area," including, one supposes, the business of refuse disposal. Such a team is the first tier in a pyramidal structure. "There are 12,000,000 families, 800,000 captains, about 50,000 colonels, 3,000 generals, 200 marshals, 15 ministers and 1 premier." (Perhaps as a symbolic act this last individual might be expected to empty his own dustbin, but one can imagine a certain resistance might arise among the colonels, generals and marshals, towards the misuse of their socially valuable time in such occupations.)

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This pleasant picture might, in fact, almost be Hertfordshire at the present day, with its profitable farms and light industries, its new towns and new schools and—I regret to say—its peculiarly intransigent dustmen, who insist that they have no time to collect bins from the back door but must have them rolled out to the gate.

There are few who have the courage or the means to walk out on civilisation. There are few who feel happy about its present form or the turn it appears to be taking. Thoughtful persons of all kinds must be asking themselves anxiously which are the elements in civilisation which make it worth while the heavy price we seem to have to pay. Consequently we can expect many more books like this one, some of heavier and some of lighter weight. Nor is this a bad thing, because these are issues which it is everybody's business to think and argue about. CHARLES MADGE

## THE PROSPECT BEFORE US

**Beyond the Mountains.** By KENNETH REXROTH. *Routledge.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

**Reservations.** By VALENTIN IREMONGER. *Macmillan.* 6*s.*

**Oxford Poetry 1950.** Edited by J. B. DONNE and DONALD WATT. *Blackwell.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

**Imprint.** Undergraduate Writing from Cambridge. Edited and published by J. M. GRUNDY. 5*s.*

The public for poetry at present is small, and diminishing. That is well known. And the fault is not with the poets and publishers, and not at all with the people who will not buy new books of poetry: as in all things, it is the Situation that is to blame, and the situation will do for us all, poets and preachers, unless we can sort it out to some purpose.

*Beyond the Mountains* is a particularly unlucky victim of this state of affairs. It is a collection of three short plays in verse; Mr. Rexroth presumably hopes for production, which he is not likely to get, especially since he implies that he would not be satisfied with the intimacy of a little theatre. This writing for an overcultivated audience or none at all results in a self-consciousness and sense of strain that comes out in the verse and the construction, and helps to make the plays unstageable. If the verse is meant to make the audience forget they are listening to poetry, it does not always succeed; in fact it takes over the whole stretch of speech from homespun to feverish rhetoric.

The plays are reworkings of events in Greek history and mythology, and apparently owe something to borrowings from the Japanese theatre. They have a kind of common theme that is most clear in the title play. This is a delicate and rather curious discussion of what you might call the dialectic of drama, so that in a sense it is a play about itself, which means there is a lot more talk to it than action.

When Mr. Rexroth gets away from his arguing or does it indirectly the verse becomes something more than merely painstaking.

> Now the jewel-eyed spotted bears
> Stumble blinded with cold into
> The houses and are killed with clubs.
>
> In the drifted meadows the fox
> Strangles and sinks from sight in the snow.
>
> The eagle and the lamb are frozen
> In midair and fall through the wind.

Unfortunately the completely explicit parts make one suspicious about the places where you have to probe and puzzle for the meaning—perhaps only because one kicks against the prosiness. Still, I left the book with the feeling that I had not got hold of it properly; and it is the only one in this batch that I shall want to try to read again later on.

It is hard to hit off briefly the quality of anybody's work without appearing to take advantage of it. So if I say that Mr. Iremonger's verse is sentimental, witty, garrulous, unhappy, self-regarding, nostalgic, and full of gusto, I only mean that a great deal of it is good. He is Irish, and now and then he rides it hard. It is a bit of an evasion to quote typical instead of successful poems, but his kind of disillusion as well as his technical gifts and limitations come across well in the title piece.

> "Twenty crocuses in my garden to-day," she said,
> "I know spring is here." She lay on the bed,
> Happily, while I stood at the window, sideways,
> Thinking, "This is how it has been always.
>
> Somebody else has been happy because spring
> was here,
> Lazily turning on a bed, smiling. The mere
> Veneer of acquiescence was all I ever possessed."
> I know there is a lot that I have missed
>
> Yet, afraid of March gales, there was nothing I
> could do
> But agree, with reservations—remembering, too,
> How winter struck us dumb, not so long ago,
> And how it would pay us back for spring, blow for
> blow.

There are a dozen poems in the book better than this, including the well-known one about the remembered death of a friend in childhood, "This Houre Her Vigill," a tragic elegy most delicately managed with the minimum of technical aids, and by far the best thing in any of these books. *Reservations* is full of fresh looks and fine speech, although it contains very few poems that come off completely: there is an effect of short-windedness. Mr. Iremonger is trying to buoy a personal line of talk on its own resources, without much use of the obvious aids of form, and he has failed for the time being at the most difficult task he could have attempted. Ironically, it is the unrhetorical dryness of the diction that often short-circuits the effect the poems ought to be making. But the book is easy to read, and extremely readable; very uneven and enormously promising.

Much verse to-day, however, is written chiefly out of the prestige of poetry-writing; even if it always was, the prestige is now confined to a shrinking circle where producer and consumer tend to become the same person. This makes a tiny world: if a poet sticks there, it will kill him. The danger is that when he moves away he will leave his interest in verse behind. Most of the contributors in any year to *Oxford Poetry* give it up when they go down. Mr. Graves said recently that *Oxford Poetry* provides a fairly reliable preview of poetical fashions, and certainly in any issue there may be one or two writers who will become known as poets. But if he is right it will be a pity, because of these poems, not so much bad as tame. There is no unnatural cleverness here, and not much gusto, and nothing loony at all. Hardly anybody writes about ordinary life—perhaps they think it is not up to poetry—so that most of the poems are rather untrue. Both these and the poems in the Cambridge collection are full of a strange feeling of arrest and inconclusiveness, perhaps because it is no longer certain that writing good poems will bring a person any particular reward unless he is lucky or unless he writes a particular (and not necessarily bad) kind of poem. One suspects that very intelligent young men are now not much attracted by the idea of becoming poets; there is plainly so little in it for anyone.

What, then, are the up-to-date prescriptions for young poets: they will not read reviews to hear themselves called mild. Naturally, there is nothing new: read more and raid more, get new kinds of knowledge into verse, get right away from verse whenever you can: all the consequences and contradictions crowd in to hedge the thing about, all of them impertinences, and anyway beside the point. A man does what he needs and wants; and poetry serves the people who read it and write it in a great enough variety of ways to make a fool of any critic. In the end, there does not seem much left to recommend beyond a grave and reasonable distaste for the whole business, and a saving gaiety. PETER DUVAL SMITH

## ISLANDS

**Portraits of Islands.** Edited by EILEEN MOLONY. *Dobson.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The essence of islands is that they should be secret and inviolate. If I owned or loved an island, I would not reveal its name, and would use any injustice of magic or autocracy to keep it, like St. Brendan's Isle, unrecorded on any map. Most of the islands here described, however, have long ceased to be inviolate. Guernsey, the Isles of Man, Wight and Arran have already surrendered themselves willingly to tourism; Iona is the actual centre of a revival of religious

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activity in Scotland, and a potential centre of Gaelic culture—Mr. Bruce Campbell strongly advocates this future for "the spiritual capital of Scotland." Even the remote Aran islands have become inevitably the hunting-ground of Eire's archæologists, Folklore Commission, and compilers of Erse dictionaries.

James Fisher, at the other extreme, can write of St. Kilda without betrayal, certain that its inaccessibility is such that the St. Kilda wrens may breed unmolested in the walls of crofts finally abandoned in 1930 by a human colony dating from before the Norse invasions. Even so, we are reminded that it required the eloquence of W. H. Hudson and the temporal power of Sir Herbert Maxwell to preserve these few dozen specimens of their species from the extinction suffered by the Great Auk on St. Kilda, where the last of these birds ever seen on the British Isles was beaten to death in 1840 as a supposed witch. The same might be said of the account of the St. Tudwal Islands, by their present owner, Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis, for his moving account of the disastrous brave attempt of Father Hughes to found a monastic settlement there is scarcely designed to encourage a repetition of so desperate a struggle for survival.

But this book is, on the whole, written by holiday makers for holiday makers—at all levels, of course. Mr. Betjeman in the Isle of Man finds pleasure in architecture that would give only pain to a less kindly sophistication; James Fisher speaks for that supertourism, the naturalists' expedition. Holiday making is, after all, a necessary outcome of the conditions of modern life, and Mr. McLaren (writing of Arran) speaks for the majority of the authors of these essays when he claims that his chosen island has survived the invading multitudes. Yet islands are perhaps most potent when they remain inaccessible. St. Michael's Mount, set for ever in its amethystine middle distance, retains, for all the multitudes of eyes that gaze upon it, the faery and inviolate mystery of St. Brendan's Isle; and how much is the potent magic of Rhum due to the interdiction that forbids any visitor to set foot on its desolate Valhalla? An island that we can visit at will differs little, imaginatively, from the mainland, and in that sense, are there not fewer islands every year?

KATHLEEN RAINE

## MARLOWE'S LINE

**Christopher Marlowe.** By MICHEL POIRIER. *Chatto and Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Poirier insists that it is the quality and development of Marlowe's poetry that remains interesting. "As a dramatist," he writes, "Marlowe belongs to a bygone age which cannot be brought to life again. As a poet, his fame will last as long as the English language."

However this may be, the present book is nowhere more valuable than in its demonstration of the range of Marlowe's poetry. For here undoubtedly is something upon which new emphasis may be set. The undergraduate who was told to analyse Marlowe's mighty line and who returned, much puzzled, with the confession that he had been unable to discover which it was, took a substantial step in critical analysis. Ben Jonson's label has stuck all too firmly, narrowing our appreciation to a single element of Marlowe's performance—one of limited, if striking, effectiveness, with the preponderance of which in his verse Marlowe himself seems to have been unwilling, even in his brief career, to rest satisfied. Already in *Tamburlaine* there is evident an instinct to move from a resounding rhetoric towards a poetic vehicle of more flexibility and expressiveness, and the chronological uncertainty in which some of his plays are involved cannot obscure the fact that this interest always remained with him. When we consider *how* resounding the rhetoric is—how, to-day, it is only necessary to get a little drunk on it to fancy it expressive (and not merely resonant) as it stands—we must be struck by the high critical intelligence which Marlowe brought to bear upon the task of exploring and refining his medium.

Yet absolute innovation remains fascinating. Surrey, thinking to translate the *Aeneid*, first wrote blank verse in English, and that blank verse Sackville and Norton transferred to the stage in *Gorboduc*. But *Gorboduc*, climb though it may in the opinion of Sir Philip Sidney "to the height of Seneca his style," remains in a different world from *Tamburlaine*. How was the revolution brought about? There is one answer, valid so far as it goes, in terms, strictly, of craftsmanship. Marlowe learnt that the English decasyllabic line gains in power when dissuaded from coming down five times with an equal thump.

It was even feasible, Marlowe found, to produce lines holding little more than a succession of running syllables piled round one massively emphatic syllable. We may imagine him setting before himself on his desk the simple injunction "Increase the largeness of the equivalence."

But at the same time another factor seems to have been at work. The cradle of Marlowe's rhetoric is that translation of the first book of Lucan's *Pharsalia* which he made, on a line for line basis, presumably while still at Cambridge. Here he is sometimes writing discernibly like Surrey or Sackville and sometimes, already, discernibly like Marlowe.

> What huge lust of warre
> Hath made *Barbarians* drunke with *Latin* bloud? . . .
> I to the *Torrid Zone* where midday burnes,
> And where stiffe winter whom no spring resolves,
> Fetters the *Euxin* sea with chaines of yce. . . .
> Where thou wilt raigne as King,
> Or mount the sunnes flame-bearing charriot. . . .
> Disolve the engins of the broken world. . . .
> This hand, that all behind us might be quail'd,
> Hath with thee past the swelling Ocean,
> And swept the foaming brest of *Arcticks Rhine*.

All these are Marlovian lines—and they embody Marlovian ideas. M. Poirier notes that in Lucan Marlowe recognised his own rationalism. But he recognised more than this, and to say that in the *Pharsalia* he found matter "which may have strengthened some of his natural tendencies" is perhaps to underestimate its significance for his development. Warfare, bloodshed and conquest; the lure of expanding horizons and strange geography; the actual heavens in their remoteness and splendour as more impressive than the figures of any mythology: it is when Marlowe comes upon these, his own master themes, that the first intimations of a new poetry come to Marlowe. The imagination kindles, and the rhythm discovers itself.

M. Poirier's book, while offering no marked novelty of approach, is authoritative, succinct and perceptive. Since Miss Ellis-Fermor's study published nearly twenty-five years ago there has not been a better concise companion to the reading of this second among the dramatists of the Elizabethan age. Distinguished contributions to the philosophical and interpretative branch of English studies are regularly to be looked for from the Sorbonne. The tradition is maintained in the present volume.

J. I. M. STEWART

## GRAMOPHONE NOTES

**Symphony.** MOZART: No. 39, E flat major, K 543 (Vienna Phil/Karajan. LX 1375-7). I have no fault to find with the conduct of this performance, but think it unfortunate that Karajan should have used so large a body of strings. This, and an over-resonant, bottom-heavy recording, make a lush and pompous impression, which is out of character with the music. Although the tone has less body, I adhere to the LSO/Krips version (Decca); but those who do not object to Mozart's being made to sound like Beethoven, will probably prefer the new set.

**Concertos.** BACH: Brandenburg Concerto No. 4, G major (Danish State Broadcasting Chamber Orch/Woldike. C 4073-5). A careful, beautifully balanced, rather staid performance, lacking the fire and immediacy of the Boyd Neel


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version, but better controlled. The admirable Stuttgart performances of these concertos are now emerging on SP as well as LP, but the recording is unpleasantly wiry. RAVEL: Piano Concerto, G major (Nicole Henriot/Paris Conservatoire Orch/Münch); Concerto for the Left Hand (Jacqueline Blancard/Suisse Romande Orch/Ansermet. *LXT2565). This intelligent coupling is vexatious because the recording of one side will pass muster, while the other definitely will not. We badly needed a new version of the G major Concerto and this one is admirably played, but the tone is not nearly solid enough. Jacqueline Blancard manages the Left Hand Concerto as well here as she did in the old Decca set, but the recording is very poor. PAGANINI: Concerto No. 2, B minor, Op. 7 (Menuhin/Philharmonia Orch/Fistoulari. DBS 9588 and DB 9589-91). Musically more substantial than the D major Concerto—almost as good, say, as Hummel. The Finale is that famous and very tiresome piece known as *La Campanella*. The recording is nice and fat, and Menuhin woos the faded beauty with consummate aplomb; but was this expensive honeymoon really necessary?

**Miscellaneous Orchestral.** BARTOK: Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta (Philharmonia Orch/Karajan. LX 1371-4). In general, this recording is more sensuously beautiful than the Los Angeles (Capitol); it is also far less clear and sacrifices too much to the effect of mysterious remoteness which is, after all, only one element in this rich and astonishing piece of music. (It should be noted that the Capitol set is also 10s. cheaper.) STRAUSS: *Tod und Verklärung* (Vienna Phil/Furtwängler. BD 21169-71). The first section is perfectly played and well recorded, but with the onset of the first Allegro cloudiness and unreality of tone set in, to remain throughout most of the piece. The climaxes distort badly. LPO/Krauss set (Decca) preferable, although the violin tone, compared with that of the Vienna Philharmonic, is ill-nourished. BIZET: *Fair Maid of Perth*—Suite (RPO/Beecham. LX 8790-1). This engaging Suite was among the best of Beecham's pre-war recordings, and for once the retake has succeeded in putting the old wine into the new bottle without loss of quality. Strongly recommended. CHABRIER: *Suite Pastorale* (LPO/Martinon. AX 390-1). The record of the month. With one exception (*Sous Bois*) the pieces in this picturesque suite were contained in the *Cotillon* set (now deleted), but the new recording is far superior and the orchestral playing outstandingly beautiful. WALTON: *Façade Suite* (Philharmonia Orch/Lambert. DX 1734-6). A conflation of Suites 1 and 2. How well this entertainment wears! The performance suggests that Mr. Lambert has (understandably, after conducting the ballet so often) got tired of pointing the jokes; but the smartness and clarity of his rendering are as delightful as ever. The recording is brilliant but perilous. Owners of small gramophones beware! The fill-up, a portion of the Chabrier music orchestrated by Mr. Lambert for the ballet, *Ballabile*, is most welcome.

**Chamber Music and Piano Solo.** BLISS: String Quartet No. 2, F minor (Griller Qt. *LX 3038). Sir Arthur in the Gorbals again. Though I cannot *like* this quartet so well as its predecessor (not to mention the Clarinet Quintet), I freely recognise its impressive qualities of thought and feeling. Superbly written, completely sure of realising its intention, the work nevertheless strikes me as fundamentally cold and lacking in memorable themes. The recording is distinctly light on bass, but it accommodates successfully the fierce *sforzandi* in which the first movement abounds (I wonder, though, whether it is not taken a little too fast: the *gruppetti* are far from clear). Familiarity with this work could never breed contempt, but I doubt whether respect would ever give place to love.

FAURÉ: Piano Quartet, C minor, Op. 15 (Rubinstein/Members of Paganini Qt. DB 9595-8). The players polish off this quartet with a hard efficiency that chills the blood and destroys every vestige of the music's native charm. The recording, too, is shallow, the piano twangy, the string tone harsh and insecure. Though far from perfect, the London Belgian set (Col. Special Order) gives a much more sincere account of the work. KREISLER: *Caprice Viennois; Tambourin Chinois* (Francescatti/Balsam. LX 1378). Brilliant playing rendered nugatory by an excruciatingly bad recording. With maximum top cut it becomes just tolerable, but nothing could give it the round tone these pieces cry out for. MOZART: Sonata, A minor, K 310 (Lipatti. LX 8788-9). Impossible to overestimate the subtle perfection of Lipatti's playing in this, perhaps the best of Mozart's sonatas. Every bar is packed with meaning, and a beauty that is deceptively simple. My only regret is that the record was not made in England, for the tone is not always faithfully realised; but a few small blemishes should not deter anyone from buying the set. BEETHOVEN: Sonata, A flat major, Op. 26; Sonata, C major, Op. 53 ("Waldstein") (Backhaus. *LXT 2532). Backhaus plays the A flat major Sonata in a sensitive but unaffected manner that goes far to recommend a dullish work. In the "Waldstein" I miss the fiery delicacy which makes Gieseking's version so treasurable; and the Finale—precursor of the Adagietto of Op. 111—hardly creates the impression of steadily gathering light. Still, this is a respectable coupling and the recording is good. BRAHMS: Sonata, F minor, Op. 5 (Julius Katchen. AX 423-6). The LP disc of this Sonata has already been reviewed in these columns. In the SP version the tone seems less hard on the ear, but it is never of the best. PROKOFIEV: *Toccata;* SHOSTAKOVICH: Three Fantastic Dances (Lympany. C 4071). Miss Lympany's rendering of the appallingly difficult Toccata is fairly accurate and clean, but she achieves this effect at the expense of the bravura without which the piece becomes a mere exercise. In the *Three Fantastic Dances* she fails to communicate the sly humour. The recording is excellent. CHOPIN: *Fantaisie,* F minor, Op. 49 (Cherkassky. DB 9599-600). A wayward, romantic, not altogether satisfactory performance of a wayward, romantic, not altogether satisfactory piece. Shura Cherkassky is a fascinatingly individual pianist. True, he appears indifferent to the perfect synchronisation of his hands; but his playing is so sensitive and musicianly, his technique so unforced, that I have no hesitation in thoroughly recommending the set—especially as the only alternative is a mediocre version by Malcuzynski. The fill-up, a Prelude and Fugue in F minor by Saint-Saëns, shows that a really clever academician can occasionally achieve the grand style. The set is magnificently recorded. CHOPIN: Polonaise, D minor, Op. 71, No. 1 (Stefanska. C 4076). Halina Stefanska's composure is really astounding. One feels that if a homicidal maniac were to approach the piano, knife in hand, she would just go on playing in the same unruffled manner

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This particular Polonaise is an early work (c. 1825—the opus number is misleading) and quite inconsiderable; but Mlle Stefanska's extreme elegance of style restores to the piece its youth and freshness. Recording admirable.

**Vocal.** MUSSORGSKY: *Khovantschchina*—Dositheu's Aria Christoff. DB 21207). A grave and impressive affair, most authentically sung and beautifully recorded. VERDI: *Don Carlo*—"Ella giammai m'amo" (Arié. X 442). Raphael Arié handles this superb scena in much finer style than Boris Christoff; but the orchestral part, though uncut, is less solid and the balance favours the singer unduly. VERDI: *Falstaff*, Act 2—"Signore, v'assista" (Stabile/Poli/Nessi/Donaggio/Scala Orch/Erede. Telefunken GX 61009). Well sung and acceptably recorded. This delightful ensemble is not otherwise available on disc. VERDI: *Aïda*—"Ritorna vincitor" Sara Menkes. C 4078). Mme. Menkes has plenty of voice, and of the right sort; but her style suffers from the endemic modern vice of opera singers—inability to let any phrase do its own work. The recording is not comfortable. BEETHOVEN: *Fidelio*—"Gott! welch' Dunkel hier" (Patzak. X 489). Patzak's Florestan must be one of the finest operatic assumptions of the day and we should be grateful for this record of its finest moment. The singer makes us share the feverish hallucination of the prisoner. Balance and recording good. BIZET: *I Pescatori di Perle*—"O Nadir" (Silveri. LB 107). This lovely aria needs to be sung in the lyrical, elegiac style of Battistini. Silveri over-dramatises it and sings much too forcefully; but he is in good voice and the recording does justice to the music. LEONCAVALLO: *Pagliacci*—"Nedda! Silvio!" (Albanese/Merrill DB 21236). Extremely well delivered by well-matched singers who never take the easy, hammy way with the music. The balance is excellent, but there is slight distortion in some places. This version is preferable to that in the complete recording of the opera. MOZART: *Ora pro nobis* (from *Regina Coeli*, K 108); *Voi avete un cor fidele*, K 217 (Stader. C 4077). Maria Stader sings these curiously beautiful specimens of religious rococo with complete understanding. The balance is good, but the tone of the violins might be sweeter. BACH: *St. Matthew Passion*—"Erbarme Dich" (Flagstad. DB 21237). Very heavy and sluggish. We tire of the marvellous aria long before it is over, so little variety of colour or expression does Mme Flagstad permit herself. MOZART: *Die kleine Spinnerin* and *Einsam ging ich* (Seefried. LB 108). Pretty enough trifles, charmingly sung. There is a nasty edge on the loud notes in *Einsam ging ich*. MENOTTI: *The Consul*—Lullaby and Frustration Theme (Marie Powers and Patricia Neway. Brunswick 0185). This music does not stand up well outside the theatre and it is execrably recorded. BIZET: *Carmen*—Micaela's Air, act 3 (Danco. X 359). An SP version of the best sung number from Suzanne Danco's operatic recital. The recording is adequate, though not quite free from shrillness; but this is easily the best available record of the air.

**Speech Records.** JOHN DONNE: Selected Poems (Anthony Quayle. DX 1729-30). Well chosen and very intelligently spoken. Mr. Quayle's constant variation of tone may cause a protest that these pieces are not stage monologues, and that a long poem like *The Ecstasie* ought to convey a sense of its own shape. But on the whole this is a most praiseworthy issue and the voice is faithfully reproduced.

**Telefunken Issues (Decca).** Except for the *Falstaff* excerpt reviewed above, these are dubbings from a special type of German LP disc and the recordings are too unsuccessful to be worth separate notices. The present batch includes the Grieg Piano Concerto (Michelangeli), Reger's very dull *Böcklin Suite*, the overture to Gluck's *Alceste*, and a repressing of the pre-war set of Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler* Symphony. This last is slightly better than the rest and can be recommended as at any rate superior to the Ormandy set.

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### Company Meeting

# THE CUNARD STEAM-SHIP COMPANY LIMITED

## DEVALUATION AND SHIP REPLACEMENT COSTS

## STATEMENT OF THE CHAIRMAN

MR. F. A. BATES, Chairman of the Company, in a statement to stockholders for submission at the 74th Annual Meeting to be held on May 23rd says:—

On July 4th, 1840, sailed the *Britannia* from Liverpool on her maiden voyage, with Samuel Cunard on board. So began the Company's Atlantic service. *Britannia* was the ship whose lounge was described by Charles Dickens as "having at the upper end a melancholy stove, at which three or four chilly stewards were warming their hands." From that beginning has sprung the Company's present fleet so different except in the unchanging Cunard spirit from the standards of Dickens' description. Mark Twain also "had a go." Touches such as these from the brush of history colour the background of the Cunard stage and mark the 1951 viewpoint of the Company's progress.

Where there is progress there must be change but with change comes renewal from the strong reserves of experience. I am thinking of the death of Lord Royden whose bequest is a great fund of experience and the memory of a long life devoted to our Company. Mr. S. J. Lister, who retired from the Board in December, is another on whose services of 58 years it would not be possible to place too high a value. Sir Richard Hopkins has found it necessary to retire from the Board; his sound counsel has been very helpful.

The new Directors who have joined the Board since the last meeting are Mr. W. H. Brown, Mr. Percy Furness, Lt.-Col. Austin G. Bates and Mr. C. E. Pierce. Sir Ashley Sparks has retired as Chief Representative in the U.S.A. and has been succeeded by Brigadier J. H. Hardy; Sir Ashley is still a Director and his long experience continues to be a source of strength.

Another change of importance is the retirement of Mr. Robert Crail as General Manager whilst retaining his seat on the Board. Mr. Crail's services have been of a high order, having covered with marked success the difficult period following the war. Mr. F. H. Dawson has been appointed General Manager and members will, I know, wish him a happy and successful period of office. He has also been appointed to the Port and Brocklebank Boards.

May I say how very sensible I am as Chairman, and equally so are all the Directors and Managers of our different Companies, of the splendid teamwork of all the staffs whether at sea or on land. A fitting motto for our Group might well be "Team-work round the clock, the year and the globe."

There can be no British way of life which does not prosper the ships and those who sail in them. Their service is rendered under circumstances very different from other industries. A main part of their life and voyages is spent in distant seas in competition with the ships of every other nation.

A transient increase from devaluation in 1950 is now disappearing in rising expenses. The long-term effect of devaluation is the depletion in purchasing power of the reserve set aside over 20 years or more to replace the older ships. The word "profit" becomes "surplus" thus expressing the present uncertainties in the replacement problem.

The Consolidated accounts are comparable with those of a year ago. Depreciation at £2,512,776 is no better than notional, being based on the original but now unrealistic first cost. It requires multiplying to cover the replacement of the hull plates and machinery reckoned as expended during the trading of 1950. This £2,512,776 notional depreciation relates to ships the current replacement cost of which is estimated to be about £120,000,000. The useful life of a ship is generally taken to be 20 or 25 years. From these two factors—replacement cost and a ship's life—are compounded the real cost of renewing the rusted plates and used-up equipment applicable to a year's trading.

### Operating Surplus Brings No Benefit

Devaluation has introduced a new factor which greatly affects the replacement future. Pre-devaluation money expresses one part of the accounts and post-devaluation money another. The Directors continue to make additional reserves to supplement the depreciation, but the tax computation has not yet been revised to meet the new replacement factors. The Company now has to deal with the twin ills of multiplied replacement cost and inflationary taxation alike nationally imposed.

Commenting on the rest of the consolidated accounts, the operating surplus is shown at £10,780,750 being £1,886,000 more than last year, but taxes absorb £4,918,238 so the increased operating surplus brings no benefit to the Company and even adds to the weight of taxation.

In the Cunard accounts the figures of 1949 were affected in exceptional degree by the changes in the accounts then in progress, so the figures of 1950 are not in all respects comparable with those of the previous year. Owing to the various changes the operating surplus of £7,756,454 is not comparable with the 1949 figure. Tax debit—£4,218,451—includes provision for the retrospective increases announced by the Chancellor in the 1951 Budget. The 1949 tax was considerably reduced by the incidence of Initial Allowances.

The surplus balance at £2,231,238 is properly comparable showing an increase of £136,939 over 1949. Provision for pension funds is as last year, £350,000. The transfer of £1,250,000 to reserves is £250,000 more than 1949, and the balance carried forward is £1,240,836.

The ships at £13,707,726 as against £14,866,466 a year ago reflect the coming into service of *Assyria*, the sale of two cargo ships acquired after the war to tide us over the shortage of tonnage, the disposal for breaking up of *Aquitania* and the normal depreciation for the year.

The increase of 2½ per cent in the dividend making 12½ per cent for the year, will cost us £143,295. The aspects to be considered in relation to any dividend declaration are manifold. The stockholders' services to the Company are essential to its continuance and healthy growth. When they invest their funds they become members of the Company sharing the hazards with us all, and we are grateful to them for their support. Only two years ago they put up £3,900,000 more capital. As to the prospects of maintenance of any particular dividend rate the members will realise that the times are full of risk.

It is not very wise to try to be a prophet, but I cannot help feeling that on this occasion I owe it to members to venture my present thoughts.

### £15 Million in Taxes Over Four Years

We have just completed the first quarter of the 1951 trading and the indications are that 1950 will prove to have been a peak year. I anticipate that the operating surplus for 1951 will be down from the comparable surplus of 1950. This is not to suggest that we are disturbed by that prospect; our managements and staffs are striving to promote all feasible economies. Our aims—preserving the interests of the stockholder-members, watching those of our staffs, and replacing our tonnage—are unchanged.

I do not think anyone has ever prophesied that the British people, so completely dependant on world trade and travel, would restrict themselves from freedom to travel to the degree at present in vogue, and from liberty to pay their way abroad at will.

The tax items in our Consolidated accounts for the last four years amount practically to £15,000,000—too large a sum to be extracted before realistic provision is made for replacing the worn-out tonnage.

Replacements for our larger ships may take five years or even more to plan and build. They sail a lasting asset to our country to foster commerce from round the world to all the ports of Britain. Is not this a finer concept to engage our hard-won fruits of trading than to consume them in a sandstorm of devaluation and taxation.

# Week-end Competitions

## No. 1,106

**Set by Naomi Lewis**

The usual prizes are offered for a text-book entry (limit 150 words), noting natural history habits and lore, of one of the following metaphorical beasts: a black sheep, a scapegoat, a white elephant, a lone wolf, a ghoul, a guinea-pig, a hound, a gad-fly. Entries by May 15th.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,103

**Set by Arachne McLeod**

Competitors are invited to write a chatty paragraph in the style of the Diaries in the evening papers about the personalities or events of 1851. Limit 150 words.

**Report by Arachne McLeod**

Perhaps not as easy as it sounded. For every ten competitors who caught the chattiness, only one had an ear for the characteristic syntax and erratic paragraphing of the evening diarist. Edward Blishen was easily first on these counts, with two splendid entries: his second, reluctantly not printed, worked up beautifully to "Typical Frenchman, M. Berlioz is fond of walking all night in rain or snow, haunting churchyards." E. M. defied probability by allowing her diarist a moment's lapse from omniscience, but she made up for this by a pretty piece of dramatic irony. Exhibition topics, of course, predominated: but Brownings, Tennyson, Carlyle, Palmerston and Peel were all caught by some columnist's chatter. Two guineas to Edward Blishen: a guinea each to E. M., E. F. Hall, C. F. Grosett and Martin Jordan. Honourable mention to E. F. Hall, J. R. Till who featured "a French atheist in mourning for the late Mrs. (Frankenstein) Shelley" and R. B. Browning.

Mr. John Stuart Mill, the economist, is to marry dark-eyed fellow-intellectual Mrs. Harriet Taylor.

Mr. Mill, 44 years old, caused a stir recently with his *Principles of Political Economy*. It sold a thousand copies in a year. At fourpence in royalties per book, I reckon that he made £16 on the first edition. And the money is still coming in.

What does it feel like to be a best-selling economist? Mr. Mill won't say. He is a keen reader of Mr. Dickens's novels: doesn't expect *Political Economy* to reach as many bookshelves as *David Copperfield*.

Mr. Mill was destined from childhood to be a highbrow. His father, historian James Mill, started him on Greek at the age of three. Latin came late into his life: he was eight before he learned his first declension.

What does Mrs. Taylor think of her future husband's well-known views on women? Friends say she agrees with him. EDWARD BLISHEN

I met last night a rare visitor to London—six-foot savant Charles Darwin. Nephew of tea-set tycoon Josiah Wedgwood, he will be remembered as the brilliant young geologist of Captain Fitzroy's *Beagle* expedition, and the author of the best-selling travel book of 1839. That one excursion into the limelight, however, seems to have been enough for the mild-mannered naturalist. He recently completed the monumental work by which posterity will remember him (two hefty tomes embodying the last word on barnacles, extant and extinct) and is now living in retirement at Downe. But his brain is still active, and he plans shortly to flutter the scientific dovecotes with a treatise on the origin of—I think I got it right—leeches. E. M.

Another dog in the news, though not as sprightly as Sir Edwin's companions—his mistress describes him as decrepit—is the late Miss Emily Brontë's *Tartar* which Miss Charlotte Brontë has been busy nursing through a long illness together with an old family servant at Haworth vicarage.

Miss Brontë on a flying visit to London to see Mr. Smith, of Smith, Elder and Co., the publishers, was having tea with Mr. Thackeray when I called. Questioned about her rumoured engagement to a north-country business man she blushed, but made no reply. She did, however, admit to having another book on the stocks. It is a romance, and will be vetted by Miss Martineau for indelicacies. Miss Martineau knows all about such matters, Miss Brontë explained.

"Of course I shall visit the Exhibition. I also hope to see the *Monarch of the Glen* before I return home," she added. C. M. GROSETT

Where's Welly? Many will be asking that question this exhibition week-end. The Duke is confined to his room—but with nothing more serious than a cold in the nose. I have it on good authority that he will pay the glasshouse a second visit on Wednesday.

How did it happen? During the opening ceremony he was heard to exclaim, "There's a damned window open!"

The attendants had a lot of fun tracing it.

But it seems that our Soldier No. 1 had time to pronounce on some of the furniture exhibits. He did not think many would appeal to home lovers. I agree. I noticed a little corner stand—useful for ornaments and whatnot—made actually of *bamboo*. Also a bookcase of Indian fretwork. Daring and exciting, perhaps—but it is doubtful if the average home will submit to invasion from the jungle.

MARTIN JORDAN

Angriest man in town at the moment is probably Colonel ("Hail and Lightning") Sibthorpe. Reason? The steady progress in London's Hyde Park where the work on the Exhibition is well up to Schedule. 50 year old M.P. Sibthorpe called down Hail and Lightning on the Scheme, (this page, February 4th), warned that it would bring international criminals and agitators to London's West End enough to produce anarchy and Red Revolution. But Home Secretary Sir George Grey (Minister responsible for law and order on the Day and afterwards) seems undisturbed.

Proudest man? Ex-Gardener's boy Sir Joseph Paxton whose "blazing arch of lucid glass" promises to be the admiration of Europe. I hear that the Queen and Prince with Prussia's Crown Prince and Princess paid a private visit the other day and were delighted with everything. H. J. R.


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# CHESS: Cookhunters Again!

## No. 83

Or should I call them "cookfinders?" This is what G. Roblin suggests, implying that while the cookhunter has no conscience at all, the cookfinder's gentle conscience suffers a pang whenever his find defaces the beauty of a problem or a study. However that may be, both Roblin and F. Kaufmann (with neither a hunting nor a finding tryst between them), seem to have discovered a cook in this study by Hufendieck, published on January 6. The author's solution (*N.S. & N.*, Jan 27), by P x P, followed by Kt-B6 allowed Black a new Queen and yet forced an elegant draw. Our cookfinder's solution, with R-Kt5 ch as the key, is rather more brutal, but apparently no less efficacious (unless some gallant fellow-competitor can refute them for the greater glory of Hufendieck).

**A:** E. Brunner, 1927

I should not be surprised if study-and-problem composers, what with their constant need to beware of duals, were suffering from a cook complex. One of them, at any rate, has made a virtue of necessity by doing his own cookhunting forthwith, providing a number of problems with two key-moves, each legitimised by the author's blessings. **A** is one of his 2-movers, simple enough to be generously rated with 3 ladder-points for each of the two solutions envisaged by the author. (I can but hope that competitors do not find a third.)

**B:** W. Grimshaw, 1881

**C:** H. Berkenbusch, 1935

**B** is a 3-mover with a dual solution certainly not premeditated by the author. As a matter of fact, it was discovered many years after the problem's first publication, and here indeed it is a moot point whether the piece was spoiled or improved by the discovery of a cook which may well be considered prettier than the "legitimate" key. Since this is not quite so easy a problem it should well rate 4 points for each of the two solutions; and the same rating may fairly apply in the case of **C**, a 3-mover which is not so easy either. I will give a useful hint, though, in revealing that in the author's solution the key is a Queen's move whereas in the cook (discovered three years after publication) one of the Bishops provides the key. Our problem-addicts, sorely neglected at times, will have nothing to grumble about now if, after next week's Whitsun orgy of trifles, we return to the serene contemplation of end-game studies.

Usual prizes. Entries by May 15.

## REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set April 14

A: (1) . . . K x P. (2) Kt x P, P-R4. (3) Kt-B4 ch, K-Q4. (4) Kt-K3 ch, K-K5. (5) P-R4, K-Q6. (6) Kt-Q5, K-K7. (7) Kt-B4ch, K x P. (8) Kt x RP ch, K-B8 (P x Kt would only draw). (9) Kt-B4, P-Kt6. (10) Kt-Kt2, K-B7! (11) P-R5, P-R5. (12) Kt-B4, K-B8. (13) Kt-Kt2, P-R6. (14) Kt-K3 ch, K-B7. (15) Kt-Kt4 ch, K-K7 etc.

(If on the 6th move White pushed his P he would be just one *tempo* late).

B: (1) **KB x P**, Kt x B. (2) Q-R7 ch, Kt-B2. (3) Q x Kt ch, K x Q. (4) B x P ch, K x B. (5) Kt-B5 ch etc.

A good many competitors failed to plumb the full depth of the Botvinnik analysis, thereby missing a point or two. Prizes shared by Eric Allan, M. Kaye, H. F. Moxon, A. J. Roycroft. An equally flawless analysis came from a competitor adding no address and a very pretty but indecipherable signature. (It will be kept for future reference.)

ASSIAC

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NORTH West Wales. For sale with vacant possession, delightful 16th Century farmhouse overlooking the Vale of Flestiniog. Excellent condition, original crook construction beams, 2 reception rooms, large studio, 3 bedrooms, bathroom, "Kookoute" range also Calor gas. Good outbuildings, about 12 acres land. £3,750. Full particulars from 2549, Forrester-Addie & Son, The Agents, Head Office, Dolgelley.

FREEHOLD for sale with full vacant possession June. Two adjoining non-basement 3-storey terrace houses with yards and garages. 3 minutes Holland Park Tube. Upper 2 floors artist's maisonnette. Excellent condition. Ground floor at present light industry, workshops 3,000 sq ft, easily convertible. £5,000 for quick sale, or £2,750 each. Box 2650.


# Seven New Festival Trains

## TO AND FROM LONDON

"The William Shakespeare" Stratford-on-Avon & Wolverhampton

"The Norfolkman" Norwich

"The Merchant Venturer" Bath & Bristol

"Royal Scot" Glasgow

The "Red Rose" Liverpool

"The Royal Wessex" Bournemouth & Weymouth

"The Heart of Midlothian" York & Edinburgh

These expresses, linking Festival Centres, incorporate the latest advances in comfort and convenience resulting from research and application of new techniques on your Railways. They are the first of many new trains now building. All steel construction has been used in restaurant cars, open-seating saloons, and compartment carriages. Seats can be reserved on each train.

BRITISH RAILWAYS

*Busiest Railway System in the world*

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Queensland, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Inorganic Chemistry. Salary range £A955/£A1,105 p.a., plus cost of living allowance (at present £A73 p.a.). Applicants should possess a higher degree in Science. Advanced training in Inorganic Chemistry is essential, particularly modern structural aspects. The successful applicant will be required to initiate and conduct research in some branch of the subject. Conditions of appointment and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is May 19, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Senior Lecturership or Lectureship in Physiology. Applications are invited for an appointment to the teaching staff of the Department of Physiology. The status and commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications and experience. The salary range for a Senior Lecturer is £1,050-£1,300 (Australian) per annum; for a Lecturer, £650-£1,000 (Australian) per annum; to which is added a cost of living adjustment (at present £70 males, £35 females), with annual increments of £50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The successful applicant will be required to take up duties as soon as possible. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applics. is May 19, 1951.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Economics and Commerce. Applications are invited for appointment as Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Economic History. Salary scale £550-£50-£1,100 for Lecturer (£450-£25-£500) for Assistant Lecturer. Candidates, who should have had experience of research in Economic History, will be required to undertake and supervise work on the history of the wool textile and other industries in the West Riding. Applications should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than May 21st, 1951.

WIGAN and District Mining and Technical College. The Governing Body invites applications for a post as Lecturer in the Department of Commerce and Economics. Duties will commence on September 1st, 1951, or as soon as possible thereafter. Candidates should possess an honours degree, together with teaching experience, and should preferably have industrial or commercial experience. They should be able to offer Political History or History of Political Ideas, and Government to Final B.Sc. Econ. standard. A knowledge of Economics and of the subjects required for the Final Certificate in Management Studies would be an additional qualification. The appointment is open to candidates of either sex. Salary in accordance with the Burnham Technical Scale for Lecturers (£900 -£25-£1,000) or Senior Lecturers (£1,000-£25 -£1,150) according to the qualifications of the successful candidate. The scales for women are somewhat lower. Further particulars and application form may be obtained from the undersigned on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope. Last date for receipt of applications: Friday, May 11, 1951. Applications not on the form provided will be disregarded. E. C. Smith, Principal.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Assistant Appointments Secretary. Applications are invited from suitably qualified women, preferably University graduates, for the post of Assistant Appointments Secretary. The work includes advising students and graduates on careers, and assisting them to find suitable employment; it entails the maintenance of contact with commercial and industrial firms and Government Departments. Candidates should preferably be over 30 years old. Salary will not be less than £600 per annum. Further information may be obtained from the undersigned at Ofg College, South Bridge, Edinburgh. Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

ASSOCIATED Lead Manufacturers, Ltd., require qualified Chemist for Technical development work in the Paint Laboratory of their Millwall works. Age up to 30 years, B.Sc. or equivalent qualifications, together with at least two years' experience in the Paint Industry essential. The post offers excellent opportunity to keen man who can fit into existing well-knit team. Excellent staff conditions and Pension Scheme. Applicants should write giving full personal particulars, details of education, training and experience and salary required in confidence to: Personnel Manager, Associated Lead Manufacturers, Ltd., 30/8 West Ferry Rd., E.14.

MEDICAL Treatment Organisers required by the London County Council for the London Education Service. The duties are largely concerned with social work in connection with the School Health Service, including the recruitment and training of voluntary social workers. A Social Science Diploma or similar qualification is desirable but candidates should have had experience in practical social work. The salary is £375 - £25 - £500, together with an addition of ten per cent. Senior posts are normally filled by promotion. Application should be made on forms which can be obtained from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, and should be returned by May 12, 1951. (467)

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WOMEN Public Health Officers' Association (Registered as a Trade Union). Applications are invited from University Graduates or those holding other suitable qualifications for the appointment of Assistant Secretary. Secretarial and administrative experience required; experience of Committee work and public speaking desirable. Commencing salary from £375-£420 according to qualifications. Apply, sending full particulars, to the General Secretary, W.P.H.O.A., 7 Victoria St., S.W.1.

ESSEX Education Committee. Borough of Ilford. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at the Ilford Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should possess the Mental Health Certificate of the University of London or other approved certificate or diploma. Salary £370, rising by annual increments of £20 to £530. Regard will be made to previous experience in fixing the commencing salary. Application to be made in writing giving full details as to age, qualifications and experience, to the Borough Education Officer, Town Hall, Ilford, within 14 days of this advertisement.

THOMAS Coram School, Berkhamsted. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the residential post of Housemistress, to commence duties as soon as possible at this mixed school (150 boys and girls aged 11-16). It is desirable that applicants should have had training and/or experience of work with children of this age, should possess wide interests and be ready to join fully in the interests and activities of the children. The successful candidate will be responsible for the general welfare of 20-30 girls and for organising their out-of-school activities. The normal education of the girls is undertaken by special teaching staff. The school buildings (completed in 1935) are probably unsurpassed in the country and the post offers exceptional opportunities for the right person. Salary £300 per annum plus residence during term time. There is a pension scheme. Applications (no forms) stating age, qualifications, exp., together with testimonials and names of referees, should be sent immediately to the Warden at the school.

RADIO retail business of good standing. Owner-Manager requires Personal Assistant of high intelligence and integrity. State age and full details of career. Box 3062.

WANTED, translator, expd. only, for German philosophical work. Box 2669.

TYLEHURST School. Housemother reqd. immediately. Also Group Teacher for 7-year-olds. Apply: Dorothy Mumford, Tylehurst School, Forest Row, Sussex. Tel.: 189.

ASSISTANT Warden (female) required for Save the Children Fund Junior Club in East London. Age 25-30. Hours 5-8 p.m. Monday to Friday, some Saturday mornings. Experience of this work desirable; understanding of and affection for children essential. Application forms, by post, from Donald Sutherland, 20 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1.

EXPERIENCED Woman Welfare Officer required by Voluntary Society for work in Midlands. Work includes visiting of children in foster-homes, those placed out for adoption, and those under the wards. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Apply Box 134, R. Anderson & Co., 14 William IV Street, London, W.C.2.

CASEWORKER wanted by Stepney Pacifist Service Unit for work among Problem Families. Residential post. Apply 6/355 The Highway, E.1.

NORTHERN Ireland, Londonderry High School. Required for September, fully qualified Mistress to teach Piano and class singing. Salary according to Ministry's scale, with a bonus towards travelling expenses for a suitable candidate from Great Britain. Apply immediately to Head Mistress.

MATRON required by small progressive school in country, taking some maladjusted children. Box 3215.

FINE Art booksellers (Bloomsbury) req. intell., educ. lady for clerical/secretarial work. Engl. & German but Engl. native tongue. Write full partics., age, education, exp., sal. reqd. No Sats. Box 3204.

AUTHOR requires lady secretary; sense of humour, refined tastes, attractive appearance essential; London, W.2. Box 2940.

PERSONAL Secretary required for Chartered Accountant: efficiency, intellect & presence; varied work with responsibility. 9.30-5.30, no Saturdays; 2-3 weeks holiday. Write Preston, 8 Kensington Court, W.8. WES. 3786.

PROGRESSIVE Charity Organisation requires S./T., able supervise small general office. State exp., salary reqd., own handwriting: E.I.B.A., 32 Old Burlington St., W.1.

SECRETARY shorthand-typist, expd.; efficient, keen, for publisher. Box 3341.

SECRETARY reqd. for Anglo-Israeli Club. Full or part-time. Write with full partics. of quals. and exp. to the Hon. Sec., 43/44 Gt. Windmill St., W.1.

GARDENER and wife (cook-housekeeper) for small modern house. One lady. Good accom. Elec. light. Esse cooker. S.W. Surrey. Recent personal ref. essential. Box 2639.

UNIVERSITY lecturers, mth.-old daughter, require British or Foreign housekeeper. Small house, large garden. 17 Edgbaston Park Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 15.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

RESIDENT Housekeeper required for Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood. Applicant must have had experience in supervising domestic staff. Salary according to qualifications. Application form obtainable from Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd., S.W.16.

COOK-Housekeeper, resident, wanted in Manor for household of 7, responsible for cooking, catering and housekeeping. Woman cleaner employed. Apply Warden, Birmingham Settlement, 610 Kingstanding Road, Birmingham, 22.C.

WANTED, Enterprising Cook interested community life for twenty residents East End Settlement. Box 3138.

RESIDENT Domestic Help, preferably fond cooking. Family 4. Labour-saving house. Chiltern country. Good salary. Box 2977.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

FREELANCE artist journalist, caricaturist of high standard, ex-morning paper sub., interested in art, drama, literature, sport (but not politics), will write and illustrate own stuff, seeks part-time job with up-and-coming periodical. Box 2599.

HONS. Grad. (Engl.), 17 yrs.' teaching exp., incl. Higher Cert., requires non-resident post Sept. Box 2686.

SECRETARY, experienced, fluent French, German, seeks position part-time, Central London area. Box 2717.

YOUNG Trade Unionist, Oxford Social Science Diploma (Econ.), sks. interest, respons. post in politics, industry or privately. 16 yrs.' exp. industry. Organiser, advisor, or welcome suggestions. Shrewd, loyal; pref. London. Box 2804.

YOUNG Art Graduate (female) temperamentally unsuited to teaching, seeks interesting employment. Box 3023.

SOCIAL misfit, with intelligence and energy, seeks responsible unprejudiced employer. In return integrity, loyalty, good work. Box 3185.

YOUTH, London Inter., seeks clerkship. Will write work at home. Exp. nec. 6./t.-bkkpr., interested languages, music. Box 1217.

## BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"BIRDS and Country Magazine" (incorporating "Nature Lover"). Exhilarating Spring Number, fine photographs. Of special interest to schools, natural history societies, and all watchers and lovers of the countryside. 2s. 6d. (bi-monthly). Allman's, 17 Creechurch Lane, London, E.C.3, or bookstalls.

ATLAS! Isn't it time you had a new one? Bartholomew's new Advanced Atlas of Modern Geography lays the world handsomely before you; Library Edition 35s. net. Free Prospectus from your bookseller or Meiklejohn & Son Ltd. 15 Bedford St. W.C.2.

"SPOTLIGHT on Science" by Dr. J. Gordon Cook, will keep you in touch with progress. Send 1s. 6d. for Booklet No. 1 (post free) or 10s. for 6 consecutive issues, to Merrow Publishing Co., Ltd., Dept. C.23, Ganghill, Guildford, Surrey.

JOURNAL of Sex Education: a popular scientific journal, for the sexual enlightenment of adults, edited by Norman Haire, Ch. M., M.B. Single issue 2s. 3d. post free. Annual subscription 10s. 6d. All enquiries with stamped addressed envelope to 36 Devonshire Mews West, London, W.1. WEL. 7840.

"DRAMA": Festival of Britain "double" number now ready. Articles by Lord Esher, J. B. Priestley, Esmé Church, Eric Newton, etc. Price 2s., from 9 Fitzroy Sq., London, W.1.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Books bght. Nr. Lyric Theatre, W.6. RIV. 6807.

CHURCH Street Bookshop, 57 Kensington Church St., W.8. New and secondhand books. Also full stock Everymans, Penguins and similar editions. Open all day Saturday. (WES. 4014.)

WHEN you are in London please come and see our selection of Books, Maps and Guides. You will find us, as usual, not far from the Victoria & Albert Museum, and we are near the Brompton Rd. Temple Fortune Bookshop, Ltd., 5 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3.

DEUTSCHE Literatur wanted and sold by Continental Book Supply, 32A Cholmeley Park, N.6. Tel. MOU. 1482.

## MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries, Secretary, CUN. 8837.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1895.

LEARN Shorthand by June 4 (one hour's study nightly). First lesson 2½d. stamp. Duttons (Dept. N.S.), 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

## MISCELLANEOUS—continued

ON this I know we all agree, Tom Long's the smoke for you and me.

A WEEKLY, fortnightly or monthly supply of Devonshire Clotted Cream by post from Major Mollset, Vittoria House, Cheltenham. Send addressed envelope for details and order form.

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short-term membership: 1 mth., 10s; 3 mths., £1; 6 mths., 30s; 1 year, £2 12s 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, dramatics, music, literary and art groups, rambles, holiday tours, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. (Hol. 5088).

HEAL'S remake and re-cover divans, box springs and mattresses, also convert mattresses into spring interior types. Write for folder to Remaking Bedding, Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

THE London Contact Lens Clinic, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Partics. MUS. 8923.

PARACHUTES. Pure White Heavy English Silk or Primrose Nylon; each panel 36in. ×132in., 3in. at top: 2 panels 17s. 6d.; 4 panels 32s. 6d.; 8 panels 60s. New Irish Linen Lengths. Natural Shade, 6yds. ×32in., each, 27s. New Off White Heavy Linen Lengths. Ideal for Furnishings, Loose Covers, etc. 78in. ×27in., approx. 2 lengths for 22s. 6d. New Grey Linen Boxed Mattress Cases, size 6ft. ×2ft. 3in. approx. (Box 4½ to 5in.), each, 22s. 6d. Carr. Free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 143), 139/143 Stoke Newington High St., N.16.

BOYS' & Girls' Cellular Cotton Shirts (short sleeves). Yellow, Blue, Grey, Beige. Chest 22, 24, 26in., 2 for 7s.; 28, 30, 32in., 2 for 8s. Post free. Money refunded. W.E.S. (Dept. N.S.), 14 Ogle St., W.1.

PARACHUTES. (1) Nylon. Peach, Pink or Light Blue; each panel 36in. ×150in., 2 panels, 20s.; 4 panels, 37s. 6d.; 8 panels, 72s. 6d. (2) White Nylon: each panel 36in. ×132in. 2 panels, 27s. 6d.; 4 panels, 52s. 6d.; 8 panels, 100s. Carr. Free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 122), 139/143 Stoke Newington High St., N.16.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an intergsting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

## ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Square, W.2. 'Phone BAY 4886. Charming, comfortable service rooms with board, reasonable.

NEAR Harrods. Inexpensive pied-à-terre, in well-kept house: comf. divan rooms, concealed basins, always hot water, baths, 'phones, gas fires, bkfsts. Gentlemen only. 31 Gns. McFie, 8 Beaufort Gdns. KEN. 4367.

PLEASANT furnished bed-sitting room to let. Gas ring, gas fire. 32s. 6d. p.w. Near Kew Bridge. Box 2750.

LARGE bed.-sit. room vac. from Aug. 1, 6 weeks. £2 p.w. Hampstead. Box 2681.

MEDIUM-sized divan room, just redecorated, looking on the garden, to professional worker, wishing share kit., etc., good domestic service. 45s. incl. all exps. except own heating. Swiss Cottage. Box 2580.

HOMESEEKERS should read "The Homefinder," the biggest and best Property Magazine. Over 1,000 houses advertised in every issue. 9d. monthly from Newsagents. By post 1s. or 11s. 6d. a year. Homefinders, Ltd. (N.S.), 42 Wool Exchange, E.C.2.

TO let furn. lge. double room & own kitch., all conv., £3 10s. Also single for business lady, 30s. Permanency. Near Belsize Park Tube. PRI. 3560.

TO let. Partly furnished at 3 guineas per week, or fully furnished at 5 guineas per week, entirely self-contained accommodation in wing of old stone house (once a Priory) on banks of river, facing south, in Dorset. Accommodation consists of large sitting room, large bedroom, another room at present used as a box room but which could be converted into a bedroom; hall, bathroom with W.C., separate W.C., kitchen with gas cooker, and larder. Electricity, central heating and hot water from main part of house. Box 2744.

TO let August: Centre Norwich, architect's Period House, modernised, sleep 4. Box 2696.

LAKE District. Large furnished flat available July-October. Emerald Bank, Newlands, nr. Keswick.

WANTED unfurnished, partly furnished or furnished flat, inner London, with sitting-room, bedroom, and/or use of kitchen & bathroom, by two young women. One of which, if required, willing to do part-time light domestic work or care of children for free or reduced rent. Otherwise would take with full rent. Excellent references. Box 2600.

B.B.C. man (25) wants 2-room London flatlet. Rent £150-200. Box 3015.

**LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 520**

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, June, July, August, September. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday in the Otztr Tal with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-lore, etc., under Faculty members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charges (14 days, 21gns.; 21 days, 30gns.) covers all travel, hotels, meals, guides, lectures. Write for leaflet "1951 Summer Courses," Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH192, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

MODEL Millinery, private lessons. Ladies who are interested to learn the trade thoroughly from an expert should apply for details CUN. 5452.

MARIAN Naylor. Intensive training, Stage & Teaching. Coaching auditions exams. Past pupils now in Rep. and on tour. Studio Central London. Tel. WIM. 2161.

RE-EDUCATION of movement and posture and reduction of overtension due to bodily and psychological stress. Trained teachers and medical supervision. Photographs and films used as teaching aids. Enquiries, Secretary, Isobel Crippa Centre, 18 Lansdowne Rd., W.11 (Park 7222).

**SUMMER SCHOOLS**

INTERNATIONAL Summer University, July 7-August 4; sponsored by National Union of Students, International Student Service, United Nations Student Association. At University College of North Staffs, Stoke-on-Trent. Theme: Roads to Survival; lectures by eminent authorities, seminars, discussions. Varied social programme, excursions (including theatre parties to Stratford). Charge £5 10s. per week. Further details from Secretary, ISU, 3 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

HOLIDAY Music Week. August 11-18, at Wennington School, Wetherby, Yorkshire; Orchestral, Choral and Listening Groups, chamber music, recorders, madrigals, full recreational programme. Parties from Sec., c/o Geo. A. Williams, Ltd., Darlington.

SUMMER Courses in France & Italy—9 Centres, 30 days, 34gns. (Special reduction for Univ. students.) Venice and Lake Garda, 21 days, 34gns. incl. Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. HAR. 1640.

FESTIVAL of Britain Arrangements: Combine a visit to Festival of Britain exhibitions and centres with a stay at one of my special Festival of Britain House Parties near Oxford, Windsor and London, also Somerset by the sea and Scotland (including Edinburgh). July 13 to Sept. 8. Interesting visitors from abroad, enjoy an open-air holiday with bathing, tennis, riding, brush up your foreign languages, visit Festival centres and places of historic interest. Also Festival of Britain River Cruise, June 30. Full details from: Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SAILING School & camping hol. during Aug. in Devon. Canoes, dinghies, 4- & 9-tonners. Four Winds, Highfield, Ivybridge.

SPAIN and Portugal: Summer Courses in Santander (August) and Coimbra (July-August). Details: Educational Director, 4 Upper Berkeley St., W.1.

DRAMA Schools, Christchurch Studio Theatre, London, N.W.1. August (two weeks), day or evening. Acting Technique, Stage Movement, Speech, Mime, Make-up, Production. Rehearsals. Details: Mrs. E. Sanson, 6 The Keir, Wenside, S.W.19.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, Nr. Bletchley. 3 Summer Schools in Pottery, Weaving & Other Crafts. July 22-Aug. 4; Aug. 5-18; Aug. 19-Sept. 1. Parties from Principal.

**PERSONAL**

RUSKIN College, Oxford, has accommodation for Organisations arranging Summer Schools during July and August. Particulars from the General Secretary, Ruskin College, Oxford.

A COUNTRY house (10-12 rooms) wanted, rural area pref. within 25 miles of North London for boarding house of London day school; large garden/nearby open space. Possibility of present owners sharing. Box 3045.

"SOCIAL service and the Arts." Voluntary worker required. Interesting, responsible, administrative work in well-known London organisation. Box 3145.

EDUCATED young lady would act as interpreter (French, Ger., Span.), or mind children, to family going abroad. Box 3039.

EDITOR/Art.-Ed./Writer (N.U.J.), available full or pt.-time. Prefer co. or comm. publns. Good typographer. Mod. fees. Box 2765.

BACHELOR, Left thinker, fed up town business, would like contact others interested Guest House-Farm-Hostel-Camp. Partnership retail, market town. Capital available. Strict investigation. Box 2975.

TO let, furnished holiday hut in North Wales. Box C, W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., 3 Vale St., Denbigh.

QUIET rooms for meetings just off Trafalgar Square. For details and bookings apply Housing Centre, 13 Suffolk St. S.W.1. Whitehall 2841-3.

**PERSONAL—continued**

GENTLEMAN desires to join party touring S. France, two weeks July. Willing to act as chauffeur-couch, share expenses. Reply G. M. Fox, 1 Mount Park Cresc., W.5.

SNOWDON. Cottage to let, Nant Francon Valley. 2 beds. Ideal for climbing, walking, bathing holiday. 4gns. weekly, except August 5gns. Hubbuck, 19 Wellgarth Rd., N.W.11. SPEedwell 1294.

BEXHILL-on-Sea. House to let furnished. 8/9 one/two sitting rooms (divan), one double bedroom, one single, bathroom, kitchen, garden. Bus route. July, August, 10gns. weekly. Barker, Mercedes, Gunters Lane, Bexhill.

FAMILY caravan, eqpd. Sx. Downs 10 pals. sex, bus route, priv. site. May-July, Oct. 3gns.; Aug.-Sept. 4gns. Box 2687.

SOUTH Hampstead, ground floor maisonette to let, sleep four to five, daily help available, 7gns. per week, Aug. 11-Sept. 4. Box 2653.

HOLLAND, Westkapelle. English-speaking Dutch family welcomes 1 or 2 paying guests during Summer months. V. reasonable terms. For details apply: Carew Hunt, King's College, Campden Hill Rd., W. 8.

TO let June, July, 2-rmd. furn. service flat, kit., bath, in mod. block (resnt. on premises), Hampstead, 4gns. Box 2618.

PAYING guests taken in comfortable Farmhouse in New Forest. Farm produce, lovely country surroundings, ideal centre for riding or walking. 5gns. a week. Box 2576.

HON. helper wanted. Clerical. Domestic. Garden. (Week-end holiday offered). Lady Margaret Fruitarian Hospital, Doddington, Kent.

ACCOMMODATION offered in Essex country house in return for light domestic and secretarial services. Box 815.

TO let: Aug. 3-24, small conv. house (sleep 7) garden, garage, Chalfont St. Peter (London 20 m.). 10gns. per week. Box 2620.

WOULD any shorthand typist volunteer to spend one hour per week from 6-7 p.m. in assisting a Labour Party poor man's lawyer in the area of the City of London. No remuneration offered. Own typewriter essential. Box 2557.

ABLE-bodied teacher with exp. of farm-work offers services to progressive farmer near coast during Aug. in return for board-lodging for self, wife & child. Box 2565.

WOMAN graduate, teacher, 25, has own car, seeks temporary job, Aug. Any capacity, anywhere, care of children, coaching, hotel work, help foreigner learning English. Box 2573.

TO let August, Constable country, easily run 5-bedroomed house. Every amenity. Beautiful situation. Write Hill Farm House, Bures, Suffolk.

FREE accommodation offered couple return of house help. Mid. August. Dorset coast. Box 2575.

DOCTOR'S modern house let 1 month commencing August 16. London suburb. Accom.: minimum 7. Domestic help. 20gns. inclusive weekly. 54 Friday Hill, E.4.

TRAINED Nurse offers hospitality and care for convalescence and to the aged. Lovely house. HAM. 2282.

ITALIAN lessons, translations by Italian girl Florence University. BUC. 3959.

WANTED to exchange, for month or longer, during August and September, four-bedroom house at Kew Gardens for house with approx. similar accommodation in country near sea. Box 2644.

ARTISTS seek philanthropist—not for money, but space to create and procreate. Prefer London. Box 2690.

COMFORTABLE home N. London offered practical woman return light services elderly man and daughter. Box 2693.

UNIQUE opportunity for ballerina/vocalist/instrumentalist. Impresario offers opportunity of international fame in exchange for mod. bachelor s.c. flat, furn. or unfurn., moderate rental. Box 2704.

WANTED, rent furn. house in quiet seaside spot, 4-6 weeks, Aug.-mid-Sept. Accomm. 8. Or exch. 7-roomed house, all mod. conv., Bristol. 4 West End, Bristol, 3.

OFFER attractive 4-bedroom house N. London for 2-3 weeks Aug. in exch. accomm. family (4) by seaside. Box 2795.

ATTIC Theatre requires three actors, festival productions; amateurs considered. Box 2637.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulet cards, 6s. 6d., Fluvestan Co., 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

INEXPENSIVE Holidays in France. 16 days all inclusive London to London from £12 19s. Write for brochure to "Jeunes de France," 7a Addison Ave., London, W.11. Tel: PARk 7265.

**PERSONAL—continued**

NURSE Olivier. Colds, Colonic irrigation, Rheumatism. MAY. 1085.

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## ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd season. Evs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable, 2s. 6d.–12s. 6d., London Agents or Theatre.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. Ntly. 9 p.m. Th., S., 6.30, 9. "After the Show," late night revue. Beryl Reid, Robert Dorning.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7 (ex. M.) St. & Sun. 3 & 8. Shaw Festival. Prog. 1. Mems.

UNITY, EUS. 5391. "The Word of the King." Weds. to Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d.

CROSBY Hall, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3. Shakespeare Stage Society. "Macbeth." May 14–19, 8 p.m. Box Off. 10-12.30, 96 Charlotte St., W.1. LAN. 0037. 5s. & 10s. 6d.

ASIAN Institute, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. WHI. 3678. "The Post Office," a play by Rabindranath Tagore. Nine performances only, from May 8. Adm. 3s. 6d. and 5s. Advance bookings only. Limited seats, make reservations now.

TAGORE Anniversary celebration, Sat., May 5. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, 7.30 p.m. Music and songs of Rabindranath Tagore; Indian folk dances and solo items. Tickets 5s., 2s. 6d., 1s., from the India League, 47 Strand, W.C.2. TRA.6465.

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Until May 6: Michel Simon, Viviane Romance in Duvivier's "Panique" (A). From May 7: Vittorio de Sica's Italian masterpiece "Shoe-Shine" (A).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Sun., May 6, 7.30. "La Bataille du Rail" (A).

LONDON Film Club. May 17, Portland Hall. Members only. Rene Clair Comedy Programme: "Le Million," "Paris Qui Dort," "Entr'Acte." Enqs.: Sec., 20/21 Took's Court, Cursitor St., E.C.4. CHA. 3709.

WILLESDEN Arts Council Film Society, May 16, 7.30, "Fric-Frac." Subs. 7s. 6d. for season. Members and guests only. Details: Dodd, 41 Mowbray Rd., N.W.6. Phone: WIL. 4103.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall, Soviet Film, "Spring." Thurs., May 10, 8 p.m. Adm. 1s. B.S.F.S.

SOUTH Place String Orchestra. May 6, 8.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Frederick Thurston, Clarinet. Introduction and Allegro, Elgar; Concertino Pastorale, Ireland; Clarinet Concerto, Malcolm Arnold. Adm. 2s. and 1s.

SIX Recitals of English Song (Presented by the B.B.C.). Mondays at 8, May 7, 14, 21, 28, June 4, 11. Wigmore Hall. Tickets: 9s. and 6s., & Prosp. from Hall (Wel. 2141) & Ibbs & Tillett Ltd., 124 Wigmore St. W.1.

EIGHT Concerts of Henry Purcell's Music (Festival of Britain Concerts). Under the auspices of The Arts Council of Gt. Britain, Victoria & Albert Museum. Tuesdays at 8 p.m. May 8, 15, 22, 29, June 12, 19. Royal Hospital Chapel, Chelsea. Tuesday June 5, at 6.30 p.m. Westminster Abbey, Tuesday June 26, at 6.30 p.m. Subscription (8 Concerts), 50s., 35s., 18s. Single Tickets (Victoria & Albert Museum only): 9s., 6s., 3s., from usual agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

EIGHT Concerts of Music by other English Composers, 1300-1750 (Festival of Britain Concerts). Under the auspices of The Arts Council of Great Britain. Wigmore Hall, Wednesdays at 8 p.m. May 9, 16, 23, 30, June 6, 13, 27. All Souls' Church, Langham Place, W.1, Wednesday, June 20, at 6.30 p.m. Subscription (8 Concerts) 50s., 35s., 18s. Single Tickets (Wigmore Hall only): 9s., 6s., 3s., from Box Office, Wigmore Hall, usual agents, and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

CARL Dolmetsch, Recorder Recital, Wigmore Hall, May 10, 6.30. With Saxby, Hunt & Strings, Telemann, Scarlatti, Bach, Berkeley, &c. 7s. 6d., 5s. 6d., at Hall and Chappell's, New Bond St.

MONTEVERDI Vespers of 1610 (Presented by Morley College Concerts Society). Royal Festival Hall, Wed., May 16, at 8. Morley College Choir. Philharmonia Orchestra. Conductor: Walter Goehr. Tickets: 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., from Box Office, Royal Festival Hall (Wat. 3191), usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

PROGRESSIVE Business Men's Forum. Buffet & Ball, Criterion Restaurant, Lower Regent St., S.W.1. Sat., May 5, 7-midnight. Dress optional. Tickets 25s. each incl., from WELbeck 0136 (9.30-5).

DANCE organised by Central London Polish Society, Sat., May 5, 7.30 p.m., at Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. Informal dress. Adm. 4s.

NOMADS Club: The Nomads invite you to their 5th Annual Dance at the Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, March Arch, May 5. Music by Eric Lambert and his All Star Orchestra from 7.30-11. Tickets 6s. 6d.

MAY Day Celebration—English and Hungarian programme and dance, Sat., May 5, at 6 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Hungarian Club, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (LAN. 6593). Dancing to a first-class band on Sat. May 5 at 81 Portland Place, W.1, from 7.30-11. Spot-prizes, etc. Entrance 2s. members, 3s. guests.

## ENTERTAINMENTS—*continued*

LONDON Opera Guild, Vocal Director, Hans Nachod. "Festival of Britain." Recital of Operatic Excerpts by Mozart, Verdi, etc., at Sadie Erard, Gt. Marlborough St., W.1, on May 7, 1951, at 8 p.m. Admission 2s. 6d. by programme at door.

GARDEN Party: Old Campers and Officers, University Women's Camps for Schoolgirls, invited celebrate Jubilee, Fulham Palace, June 2. Princess Margaret will cut birthday cake. Admission by programme, 5s., including tea. Write Gen. Sec., Annandale, N. End Rd., N.W.11.

## EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED. A full range of Ganymed reproductions on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. Corner Lincoln's Inn Fields). 9.0-6.0 and Sat. mornings.

THE Historic Plate of the City of London. Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside. Open until June 16. Weekdays 10.30-6.30. Admission 2s.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., Old Bond St., W.1. "The English Scene": Important British Paintings from 3 Centuries. Romney, Constable, Palmer, Whistler, Sickert, etc. 10-5.30; Sat. 10-1.

BRITISH Painting, 1925-1950 (First Anthology). New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. An Arts Council Exhibition. Open till June 9. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

HENRY Moore. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till July 29. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s.

SLATTER Gallery. Important Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

PARIS—Londres: Pictures recently purchased in France by Courbet, Corot, Degas, Cezanne, Monet, Pissarro, Bonnard, etc.: 9.30-6, Sat. 9.30-1: Tooth's, 31 Bruton St., W.1. Closing 11th.

SOUTH Bank Past and Present. 2,000 years on Thames-side. County Hall adj. Festival. Open May 9. Adm. 1s. Children 6d.

BATTERSEA Park, L.C.C. International Open Air Sculpture Exhib. 10 till dusk daily. Open May 8. Adm. 1s., children 6d.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. His Excellency the Italian Ambassador will open an exhibition of Sculpture and Drawings by Marino Marini on Tuesday, May 8 at 3 o'clock.

A.L.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. Watercolours by Helen Sampson. Picture Lending Library also now open. Daily, Sats. incl., 11-6.

TWENTY Brook Street. Re-opens May 23: Modern Masters and Artists of To-day.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

DENNIS James Watercolours & Drawings April 23 to May 19. Paul Alexander Gallery, 190 Kensington Church St., W.8.

ROUAULT. Miserere Engravings at The Zwemmer Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Open 10-6, Sats. 10-1, until May 19.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1. Renoir, in aid of "Save the Children Fund & Youth Aliyah." 10-5, Sat. 10-12. Admission 2s. 6d.

INSTITUT Francais du Royaume-Uni, Queensberry Pl., S.W.7. "Images de Tunisie"; paintings by Guy Roddon. May 11-12.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Gericault to Renoir. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Contemporary Furniture and Furnishings in rooms showing scheme for town and country living. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. 20th Century Poetry.

EUGENE Boudin (1824-1898). Oils & Water Colours. Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. May 1-June 2.

DANISH Art Exhibition at Artists House, 7 Manette St., Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. May 8-22. Adm. free.

HENRY Moore—New works at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. 10-5.30; Sats., 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries. Edward Bawden—"The Canadian Rockies" and drawings by Six Young Artists.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Books, org. by the National Book League at the Victoria & Albert Museum. Dly. 10-6, Sun. 2.30-6. Adm. 1s. Children under 5 not admitted.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

NATIONAL Secular Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, W.C.1. Whit-Sunday evening at 7. Demonstration (Following the Annual Conference N.S.S.). Chairman R. H. Rosetti (President N.S.S.). Speakers: J. T. Brighton (Newcastle), H. Day (Bradford), L. Ebury (London), T. M. Mosley (Nottingham), F. A. Ridley (London). Admission free. Reserved seat 1s. each.

CHELSEA Labour Pty. Living News Paper. Town Hall, Kings Rd., Wed., 9th, 8 p.m. To-day, 5th, 4.30. Music Group. SLO. 9356.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—*continued*

UNIVERSITY of London. A lecture on "Implementing the Transport Act of 1947" with special reference to Labour Relations" will be delivered by J. Beasted (British Transport Commission) at 5 p.m. on May 8 at London School of Economics, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

"TO Be a Woman," equal pay film by Jill Craigie; and address on Divorce Reform by Mrs. Eirene White, M.P. Monday, May 7, 1951, 8.15 p.m., at 16 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1. Admission free. Organised by Six Point Group, 6 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Gro. 6186. May 7, Lecture Anton Ehrenzweig "Psychoanalysis of Abstract Art." 8th, Public View Discussion Henry Moore, Fritz Wotruba. 11th, Opening of "20th Century Poetry" by Dr. Edith Sitwell. 6 p.m. Talk on the exhibition by Michael Meyer (organiser). 8 p.m. Mikrokosmos (Bartok), Ilona Kabos (pianoforte).

PROGRESSIVE Business Men's Forum: Luncheon, Criterion Restnt., W.1. Thurs., May 10, 12-2.30 p.m., Mr. Harold Wilson, M.P., will speak on "Raw Materials—Britain's Dilemma." Adm. ticket only (12s. 6d. each). Phone: WEL. 0136, 9.30-5 p.m.

EX-SERVICE Movement for Peace. National Protest Week, May 7 to 13. Meetings: Hackney Town Hall, Tuesday, May 8, 7.45 p.m. Stanley Hall, South Norwood, Wed., May 9, 7.30. Spkrs.: Wing Cdr. R. Turner, Cmdr. E. Young, R.N. (ret.), Surg. Lieut. Christopher Woodard & others.

ISRAEL: "Socialism in Practice: The Communal Villages." Spkr.: Hon. Edwin Samuel. Mon., May 7, 8 p.m., Abingdon Arms, Abingdon Rd., W.8 (off Ken. High St.). S. Ken. Labour Party.

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd. "Should We Re-arm Germany?" by Harold Davies, M.P. Thursday, May 10, 8 p.m., at Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch (behind Cumberland Hotel). Questions, discn. Non-mems. 1s. 6d. at door.

SEX Education Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London, W.C.1, at 7.30 p.m. Monday, May 7. Mr. John Hatch, on "Sexual Prejudice and Colour Discrimination in South Africa." Admission 2s. Applications for tickets, accompanied by remittance, should be sent with stamped addl. envelope to S.E.S., 36 Devonshire Mews West, London, W.1.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., May 8, 7.45 Mr. Stanley Harrison, recently returned from Czechoslovakia, will speak on "The National Committees and Local Government." Chair: Mr. M. Townsend. All welc. Adm. free.

BRITISH and Soviet Budgets reviewed by George Jamieson, Pat Sloan, Mrs. Neil Lewington, Mrs. Sonia Elton, Mrs. S. O. Davies and Miss Muriel Coult. Conway Hall, W.C.1. Tues., May 8, at 7.30 p.m. Res. tkts. 1s. from B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1.

EGYPTIAN Education Bureau, 4 Chesterfield Gardens, Curzon St., W.1. Sir John Sheppard on "Agamemnon and Cleopatra," 6 p.m., Tuesday, May 8. Adm. free.

J. HUTTON Hynd: "Human Nature and Human Progress." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2, Sunday, May 6 at 11 a.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, at Kingsway Hall, every Thursday, 7.30 p.m. May 10: "Knowledge of the Self." All welcome.

MR. Maung Maung Ji, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, Press Attaché, Burmese Embassy, will speak on "Man Shall Redeem Mankind," May 11, at 17 Gt. Cumberland Pl., Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. May 6: Professor T. H. Pear, M.A., B.Sc. "Social Psychology To-day." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (LAN. 6593). "How Poland Budgets for Peace." Speaker: Mr. Kenneth Ayers. Fri., May 4, at 7.45 p.m., at 81 Portland Pl., W.1.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. May 12 at 6 p.m. Señor J. L. Fabregas: "Desenvolvimiento economico-social en la America Latina."

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Tuesday, May 8 at 6.30 p.m., lecture in French by Prof. R. Guiette, of the Université de Gand, on "Henri Michaux, à Bruxelles, à Paris et ailleurs." Entr. free.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. May 6: Special Meeting—White Lotus Day.

## LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

BRAZIERS Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon, invites you to enjoy the country, too. May 18-20: "Effect of advertising & propaganda on the individual's social relationships." F. Gollop. "Social Integration," J. N. Glaister. Chequendon 221.

MAYFAIR Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., W.1, provides Training for High-Grade Secretarial Posts. New Crses. com. June 4.

## LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—*continued*

RESIDENTIAL Music Course, Arts Department, Dartington Hall (Administrator: A. P. Cox). The full-time residential music course at Dartington Hall which has been built up over the last eight years by Imogen Holst, will be carried on from September, 1951, under the direction of John Clements. The training is intended primarily for teachers in schools and further education, but younger students are accepted for preliminary training before entering one of the major colleges of music. The course is approved by the Ministry of Education and recognised as a Supplementary Course for Teachers. Besides individual tuition in piano, violin, violoncello and recorder, the training provides special opportunities for choral singing and chamber music under professional direction. Students can get practical experience of school and further education work in the County of Devon. Students are accommodated at Dartington Hall. Facilities for individual practice are provided. Prospectus is obtainable from the Secretary of the Arts Department, Dartington Hall, Totnes, Devon.

KENT Education Committee in Association with the University of Oxford Delegacy for Extra-Mural Studies. Courses for Intending Youth Employment Officers, 1951-52. The Committee and the Delegacy again hope to provide training for intending Youth Employment Officers at Lamorbey Park, Sidcup, Kent, during the academic year 1951-52. It is proposed that two courses will be provided: (i) a course (September-March) for candidates who have obtained certain basic qualifications in the Social Sciences, e.g., a Social Science Diploma or a Degree in relevant subjects, e.g., Sociology, Economics or Psychology. (ii) a course (September-July) for other candidates, including (a) graduates of Universities who are not eligible for the shorter course; (b) qualified teachers; (c) other students, aged 23 or over, of good general education, who have obtained appropriate experience in industrial or social work, and have continued their general education since leaving school. The arrangements for the courses may, however, be modified when the report of the Committee on the Recruitment and Training of Youth Employment Officers is published. Provisional application for admission to either course should be made to the Tutor to Youth Employment Officers' Courses, Adult Education Centre, Lamorbey Park, Sidcup, Kent.

NORTH Regional Association for the Blind, Training Course 1951-52. A nine months' Training Course for prospective Home Teachers of the Blind will be held in Manchester commencing on October 1, 1951. It will prepare candidates for the 1952 examination for the Home Teachers Certificate of the College of Teachers of the Blind. This Certificate is the requisite qualification for the post of Home Teacher of the Blind, salary scale being £390 × £10 to £435 p.a. Candidates must be between 21 and 41 years of age on June 30, 1952. The Course gives instruction in Braille, Moon, handicrafts, professional knowledge (legislation and services for the blind), practical work in the field, etc. Tuition fee 60 guineas. Full details on application to the Secretary, North Regional Association for the Blind, 17 Blenheim Terrace, Leeds, 2.

THE Polytechnic, 309 Regent St., W.1. Preliminary Professional and University Entrance Department. New courses provide both day and evening classes for the new General Certificate of Education. The following subjects may be taken to the Advanced Level: English Literature, French, Latin, Mathematics, History, and Geography. There are courses for students over 25 years of age and for professional preliminary examinations and the Civil Service Executive (both Open Competitive and Limited) examinations. Session 1951-2 begins on September 18, 1951. Evening Classes begin on September 24, 1951. Enrolment for evening classes: September 17, 5-8 p.m. Prospectuses may be obtained on application to the undersigned. J. C. Jones, Director of Education.

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